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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent

Washington, August 21, 1893.

The administration's friends are to be given an opportunity on the floor of the House and Senate to defend the somewhat remarkable pension policy adopted by Secretary Hoke Smith under Mr. Cleveland's orders. Senator Gallinger has introduced a resolution directing the committee on Pensions to investigate and report to the Senate, whether the wholesale suspension of pensioners, which has been going on for some time at an average of something more than 150 a day, is in accordance with law, and a resolution of a similar nature will be introduced in the House as soon as the House is in a condition to allow its ordinary business to proceed in the ordinary channels, which will be after the silver question has been disposed of, rules adopted and committees appointed. As soon as the Senate adopts Mr. Gallinger's resolution Secretary Hoke Smith and the Commissioner of Pensions will both be summoned to testify before the Senate Pension committee as to recent proceedings.

It is regarded as significant that the bill reported by the minority of the Senate Finance committee as a substitute for the Vorhees bill, for the unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman silver law, provides for free coinage at a ratio of 20 to 1. This indicates that the silver Senators have given up the idea of insisting upon the free coinage of silver at the present ratio. Speeches will from time to time be made on both of these bills, but it is not probable that the Senate will take them up to the exclusion of other business until after the House has voted upon the silver question, which will be early in next week.

A more senseless opposition has seldom been seen than that which certain democrats and populists are making in the Senate to the bill which proposes to allow national banks to issue currency to the full amount of bonds they have on deposit to secure circulation. At three different sessions of Congress the same identical bill has passed the Senate without opposition, and if it were now a law it would add $19,000,000 to the money in circulation immediately, and probably as much more in three months. The only argument presented against the bill is the old one, that National banks enjoy privileges denied to others, and inasmuch as any persons having the requisite capital are at all times free to organize a National bank and get their share of the privileges, that isn't a good one. After voting down some silly amendments proposed by Senators Allen and Cockrill, the Senate has now to vote upon one for the repeal of the tax on State bank currency, which has been offered by Butler, of S. C., and there will probably be more of the same sort.

The speech of Representative J. C. Sibley, of Pa., was the most conspicuous for several reasons made in the House during the past week. Mr. Sibley is a democrat, a Bible reader, a millionaire and a free silver man—the only one in Congress from the East, and his speech was at times highly sensational. He was not quite as open in his attack upon President Cleveland as Senator Vest was, but the attack was there all the same.

The unconditional repealers now claim a safe majority in both House and Senate, but their claim of 45 votes in the Senate includes several men whose votes are very doubtful and who are counted by the silver men in every estimate they make. The trouble about getting at what the result will be in the Senate arises largely from there being a number of Senators who if they have made up their minds how they will vote have taken nobody into their confidence.

Jerry Simpson dealt the democrats a heavy blow below the belt when in a silver speech he fired this question at the House in his rasping exasperating voice: "Who ever heard of the democratic party ever repealing a law or making a law?" Receiving no answer, Jerry glared at the administration group in the House and added; "There is no democratic party any more; it is President Cleveland's party." From which it will be seen that Jerry can perceive the true inwardness of things democratic.

This is to be the last week of the silver debate in the House, and, aside from the earnest desire of almost everybody to see the matter settled, there are no regrets, for with few exceptions the speeches have been uninteresting and commonplace. Unless all outward indications are at fault all of the silver amendments will be voted down and the bill for the unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman silver law passed by a small majority. The republicans of the House will really hold the balance of power when the votes are taken, but they will not allow that to influence their votes.

A DRUNKEN woman is always regarded with peculiar horror, yet a woman has just as much right to get drunk as a man has. And if the father of the family spends his earnings in the bar-room or in the club-room around a keg of beer, there is no legal reason why the mother should not imitate his example. What is right for him is right for her. Fortunately for the race few women are anxious to live up to their privilege in this respect.

THEY FIGHT AGAINST IT BUT STILL THE WORLD GOES ON.

In every generation men have vainly fought against the advance of civilization. They exist to-day. Some of them are desperately alarmed over the advance of the black man. A few years ago a Pennsylvania editor, personally an estimable gentleman, printed an editorial denouncing the waste of money on schools for the negro, alleging that the race could not be educated. Now when representatives of the despised race are taking honors at our universities, contributing to our leading magazines, holding professorships in our colleges, practicing law and medicine, it is to be hoped our friend is willing to admit that he was mistaken. But the very advance of the negro has created new enemies, or rather roused afresh the enmity of old ones. They do not like to see the black man coming to the front and they are insisting that something must be done to stop it. There lies before us as we write an alleged religious newspaper, the Richmond Christian Advocate, which is particularly rabid on this subject. Its editor evidently does not believe that God made of one blood all nations of the earth. The haughty exclusiveness which was a marked characteristic of heathenism crops out of everything he writes, and it is evident that he would instantly restore African slavery if his power were equal to his will. He is wild over the growth of negro prosperity and influence, and the spectacle of negro office-holders and teachers and lawyers and physicians terrorizes him, makes him feel that the foundations of Anglo Saxon civilization are being shaken and that the proud temple of white supremacy is about to fall and crush its worshipers in its ruins. Doubtless the Almighty has a wise purpose in always preserving a few such antediluvians alive; doubtless they are perfectly sincere in their opinions and amiable, in a way, in their intercourse with their fellow beings, but they have been born too late. Even the south, in which they chiefly live, takes little heed of them or their word, while the world goes on fulfilling its appointed destiny.

A POSTAL SAVINGS BANK.

The Populists in Congress are not numerous, but they are bound to make themselves heard and to show what they are there for.

Mr. Kyle, of South Dakota, introduced a Postal Savings Bank bill in the Senate which he says he is determined to put through Congress if he can It has some new features in accord with the Populist theories, and is likely to find indorsers outside that party's lines.

The bill authorizes the designation of one post-office in each county to receive deposits and remit them to the Sub Treasuries. It is intended that the deposits shall be made in sums of from ten cents to one dollar, and that one thousand dollars shall be the limit of any one individual's savings. The Government is to pay 2 1-2 per cent interest yearly to all depositors.

The Populist feature of the bill is that the postal savings are to be loaned on bond and mortgage to small farmers at 4 per cent. interest. But the loans are only to be made to owners whose entire holdings are valued at not more than $5,000.

THE STRANGER AT THE GATES.

A poor Polish emigrant landed in New York last Friday ticketed through to Philipsburg, N. J., but by some blundering on the part of the railroad conductors was passed along and arrived here on Saturday night. He was penniless and could not speak a word of English and wandered around the streets all night. On Sunday morning he was found sitting on the stone steps in front of the post-office almost famished, for he had not eaten a bite since Friday on shipboard. Druggist Melick procured an interpreter and through him the poor fellow told his sad tale to a sympathizing crowd, who at once took up a collection, got the man a good breakfast, and had money enough left to send him to his destination on Monday. That was the sort of Sunday worship that God loves. Every nickel that went into that poor stranger's hat will come back loaded with blessings to the giver.—*Philipsburg Ledger.*

The clearances of wheat from the Atlantic seaboard last week are said to have been the largest in the history of our foreign trade, and yet the Democrats say we can get a market for our grain abroad only after we have abandoned protection.

THE PENSIONERS GUILT PRESUMED.

We have no fault to find with the Commissioner of Pensions for making an effort to purge the pension rolls of names that got there by fraud, but we do find fault when they show their rebel hatred of northern soldiers by setting asside law, making unjust decisions, and placing every obstacle to its enforcement in letter and spirit that their ingenuity, prompted by their rebel instincts, can devise. We have every reason to believe that Hoke Smith and his associates have violating the spirit of the statutes, if not indeed all principles of justice, when he orders the suspension of the pittance doled out quarterly to the veterans of the war pending an examination of their right to a place on the pension rolls. There are excellent lawyers who contend that the Commissioner has no power to order a pensioner before a medical board for examination unless the element of fraud or misrepresentation is first set up and proved, and they base their argument upon section 4,793 of the Revised Statutes, which says:

The "Secretary of the Interior shall cause to be stricken from the pension rolls the name of any person whenever it appears by proof satisfactory that such name was put upon such roll through false or fraudulent representations."

The language of this statute makes it quite plain that the burden proving the fraud rests upon the Commissioner of Pension, "Whenever it appears by proof satisfactory" and not until then shall the name of the pensioner be "stricken from the rolls." No one pretends to say that the pensioner who figures to-day upon the rolls under the interpretation which a former Commissioner of Pensions gave to the act of 1891—and whether that interpretation was right or wrong is not to the point—got there by false or fraudulent representations. No act of his certainly contributed toward establishing the element of fraud. Whence, therefore, does the Commissioner of Pension derive the power arbitrarily to suspend the payment of pensions pending an examination he sees fit to make? The doctrine of readjudication, whichis so often pleaded against the the pensionor, is here grossly violated by the present Administration. These examinations, it must be borne in mind, are not what are called "special examinations," a mode of procedure for the detection of fraud which is constantly being employed, and rightfully so, but they are "medical examinations" before a board of surgeons, to ascertain whether the pensioner is correctly rated or not. These "medical examinations," which the Secretary of the Interior now directs in revoking Commissioner Raum's celebrated order No. 164, were formerly authorized by Congress, but the statutes providing for them (sections 4771, 4793 R. S.) were expressly repealed by the act of June 21, 1879—a fact which seems to have escaped the attention of Hoke Smith, or else in his rebel heart he has determined to shut his eyes and strain every point of the law as much against the old soldiers as possible. There is another point which suggests itself when the recent policy of the Commissioner of Pensions is more closely examined. Under the new system of rating established by Judge Lochren for the guidance of the Advisory Board, the standard of disability is almost doubled. According to the circular dated June 12, 1890, the rating for anchylosis of the elbow joint is $5, while under the old rating it was $10. Take the case for instance of John Jones, who was pensioned a year ago at $10 for the disability just mentioned. He receives a notice informing him that there is evidence in his case which shows that he is pensioned at a rate not warranted by his disability. He is requested to show that he is suffering from a disability which justifies the new rating established by a Commissioner who is in the mood of upsetting everything done by his predecessor, and he is told at the same time that until he does so his pension is stopped. At first these rebels intended to make the old soldiers stir themselves, for they only allowed him sixty days in which to do this. Since his first order, however, he has stirred up such a hornets nest that he has backed down and extended the time to October.

Now, here is a new condition of affairs created altogether and solely by the Bureau of Pensions. Heretofore the soldier has been measured with a yardstick 36 inches long; hereafter the yardstick is to contain 72. Meanwhile the soldier is branded as a "fraud," or in other words he is considered guilty until he has established his innocence. It remained for a Democratic Administration to introduce this contemptbile principle in the management of an office where justice and liberality ought to go hand in hand.

The Germans are preparing to lay a telegraph line from Australia to Hawaii and expect to extend it on to California. They have large interests in Hawaii, and perhaps would like to have their hooks in there before there is any action on Minister Blount's report, whatever it may be.

SAUSSER--BOLLINGER NUPTIALS.

Henry Morgan Sausser and Miss Nan Jane Bollinger were united in marriage at 7.30 last Thursday evening at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Sarah Bollinger, on Washington avenue. Owing to the a recent death in the family the wedding was a private one and outside of the immediate families but few invitations were issued the company numbering only about thirty. Rev. Harvey Grieme Furbay, of the First Presbyterian church, in his usual pleasant and happy manner, performed the ceremony. The gifts to the bride were handsome, numerous and costly, and generally partook of the useful order. After the usual wedding feast the newly united departed last evening on an extended trip, which will include Philadelphia and the sea shore, Boston, Washington, D. C., and other places of interest.

The bride is one of our best young ladies handsome, pleasant and at all times agreeable, and well fitted by domestic education to make the home a happy one. The groom is one of the trusted employes in clerical department of Superintendent S. S. Blair's office of the Tyrone division and a young man held in high esteem by all those who recognize true merit.—Tyrone *Herald.*

A crowd of Texas Democrats have hanged President Cleveland in effigy, shot the effigy full of holes, and then burned it up, because of his message against free coinage. And yet those of them who could read must have known before the election that he was opposed to free coinage of silver—before they voted for him, just as they will vote for the next Democratic candidate for President, without regard to his opinions. That's Texas fashion. The only wonder is that they exhausted their indignation on a mere effigy, when there must have been a fat negro somewhere or-chable whom they could have branded with the President's name and used instead, thereby expressing their feelings and also amusing the women and children after the true Texas fashion. We fear these Texans were a poor-spirited lot, and not of the first families.—*Pittsburg Times.*

A UNIQUE PRAYER.

We find the following in an exchange as being the way the preachers of Illinois, pray for their democratic governor.

They have a way of praying for governors of Illinois, as witness the following accredited to the pastor of a Rockford church: "O Lord, bless the president of the United States, stand by him in his arduous duties; bless also the governors of the different states, especially the governor of Illinois. Be a light to him in his darkness, wisdom to him in his ignorance, but above all make his heart as soft as his head. Teach him that this is a government of the people and for the people, and that he can in no wise become the government and the people."

Carl M. Gage and Edward Keatley, the delegates to the coming state Republican convention from Huntingdon county were instructed by their county convention to support Benjamin J. Haywood, of Mercer, for state treasurer, after a most bitter fight. The following county ticket was nominated: Associate judge William J. Gressinger; district attorney, H. H. Waite; treasurer, George M. Green; register and recorder, M. W. Isenberg; county commissisners, James Wilson and James Carner; poor director, C. M. Taylor; auditors, Chas. Heiny and S. A. Lang.

The Prohibitionists of Mifflin county nominated the following ticket Tuesday: For sheriff. Isaac Horton, of Belleville; treasurer, Joseph Filson, Milroy; commissioner, D. S. McNitt, Siglerville, and J. M. Roming, Vira; director of the poor, David C. Esterline, Granville; auditors, Charles Dahlen, Belleville, and W. J. Cargill, Lewistown; coroner, D. R. Stratford, Lewistown.

The metal in the silver dollars is really worth only fifty-three cents. They are however received at full face value in exchange for subscription and other dues at this office. Bring 'em in.

This is August 24, and there is not much chance for cholera in this country this year. Most of it in other countries has been merely colic, as the cases in Antwerp show.

If you see a farmer standing in a field kicking himself it is not necessary to ask what is the matter. He voted the democratic ticket last fall.

A contemporary's advice to Congress is: "Repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman law and go home." Yes, and stay there. Ah there!

TALKS ON ADVERTISING.

Reasons for standing Advertising.

In every town their are certain business men who might be called periodic advertisers. Only at certain seasons of the year, when business in their line is good, will they advertise. They can see no reason why a standing advertisement would benefit them. Perhaps a careful perusal of the following reasons may result in finding one that suits the case.

A standing advertisement pays:

1. Because space can be secured much cheaper on a yearly contract.

2. Because newcomers to a town go to the places advertised in the paper, and they move in at all seasons of the year.

3. Because there is no time in the year that you do not have something to sell and you should let people know it.

4. Because people judge your business by your advertising space. The largest and best firms are the heaviest advertisers.

5. Because it pays to keep your name before the public.

6. Because an enterprising newspaper is deserving of your constant support.

"Your rates are too high," is something that an advertising solicitor frequently hears. No objection to that, for every man has right to the expression of his honest opinion, but when a business man follows up that remark by offering one-third of the money that is asked. then we object. "One Price for Everything," is not copyrighted by the clothing house. We, newspapers, for the most part are run that way. We fix what we consider a fair price for our space and we stick to it. We would not be dealing fairly with our other advertisers if we charged other people lower rates than we charged them. It would be dishonest; is would be short-sighted, for if one of your advertisers finds it out, he does not rely any longer on your statements. Business men are not wholly to blame for these attempts at "jewing," they have learned from experience that there are some newspapers that can be "jewed down," and they judge the majority by the few. Such newspapers work the trade a great deal of injury. "The same space at the same price to everybody" should be the motto for all.

In adopting our ready-made advertisements, many retailers make slight changes or additions to suit their particular needs. A rather amusing case occurred in an issue of the St. Cloud *Journal-Press.* A furniture dealer adopted the ad headed, "June the month of weddings," which contained suggestions for wedding gifts. At the bottom he added the announcement, some what malapropos: "We are making sweeping reductions on our large stock of baby carriages this week."—*Printers' Ink.*

THE UTILIZATION OF SEWAGE.

From the New York Press.

The committee of the British house of commons has just sanctioned a bill empowering the local board of a small English town to acquire fifty-one acres of land for the purpose of sewage farm. The utilization of sewage is becoming more and more the custom in Great Britian and of the continent of Europe. Several profitable sewage farms have been in operation for years in England, and the sewage of Edinburgh, Scotland, has been used in fertilizing meadows for over a century. The Edinburgh system is very crude, but it answers the purpose well enough, and the yield of grass is enormous. Paris and Berlin both utilize their sewage, more or less, for farming purposes, and other cities are following the example.

There is no reason why the utilization of sewage should not become general. The enormous waste of fertilizing material which goes on at present cannot continue for ages without serious and irreparable detriment to the interest of humanity. Ancient history affords a conspicuous example of this fact in the experience of Northern Africa. That region was once the granary of imperial Rome. Now it is, and for ages has been, little better than a desert. The wealth of the land was poured into the Mediterranean through the sewers of Rome, until the land was utterly exhausted and unable to yield harvests any longer. The same process is going on to-day in various parts of the world, including our own. It is a prodigality of which mankind should not be guilty, and for which if persisted in, posterity will suffer incalculably.

Hon M. B. Castle said at Chicago that as late as 1879 women did not own their own dresses in the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The first innovation toward woman's rights in this country took place in New York State in 1848, when the wife was given certain property rights. The speaker reviewed the exclusiveness of schools in early days, by which woman were debarred from self-improvement. In 1853, the first normal school for girls was opened in Boston, and forty years ago only one college, Oberlin, admitted girls to the full course. "To-day," said he, "no respectable college bars them out. If they do they are mere slugging shops where voice and muscle win instead of brains."

CLOSING THE SEAL DISPUTE.

The successfull plea of the united States before the international court of arbitration dealing with the seal fishery question, on the broadest grounds of humane wisdom, has been a matter of rejoicing among all right-thinking people. The tribunal had no power to assess damages on either party for what was done by them since the controversy began. The agreement of the treaty provides for this, leaving it contingent on the decision of the arbitrators on the points involved. The United States authorities seized some 30 sailing vessels in the four years preceding the modus vivendi, and the damages sustained by the vessel's owners in the loss of business, etc., will now become a subject of adjustment on the part of the two governments. The vessels seized were small, and the amount of claims aggregated will not bear comparison with the peaceful enjoyment of the valuable trade preserved by the efforts of our government.

WOMAN LAWYERS.

A quarter of a century ago the law was a profession tabooed to woman. Even woman suffragists hesitated (that is, many of the rank and file did) to claim practice and pleading before the courts as a suitable and desirable occupation for woman. The other day there was a national convention of women lawyers at Chicago. There was a goodly number present, but not all of them by any means. They looked backward and forward with the calm assurance of an established and accepted fact. It is entertaining in these latter days to see how the American woman quietly goes ahead and does the things that the masculine preachers and doctors and judges declare that she cannot possibly do, because contrary, as they allege, to all law, human and divine.

F. M. ATKINSON.

—Recent decisions of several courts in the state have about definitely outlined the sources from which auditors are expected to draw their pay for their various services at election time. Judge McPherson, of Lebanon, and Judge Simonton, of Dauphin county, have concurred in the decree that for holding meetings for receiving certificates of nominations and nomination papers, hearing objections thereto, and withdrawals and filling out certificates for watchers, the township must pay the auditors, but for arranging ballots, correcting proof, going to and from the printing office and distributing ballots to the propor offices of any township, the cost must be paid by the county commissioners. Such a rule seems exceedingly explicit and should obviate any future misunderstanding between auditors their townships and the county commissioners about pay for the election services rendered.

THEY DO NOT CELEBRATE THE FOURTH.

From the Durham (N. C.) Globe.

The fourth of July is not celebrated at the South. We let Christmas time come in for our fireworks and we pass over the day which made this country free. This would not have been had there not been another and unsuccessful scramble for freedom. But all is serene and the goose hangs at an altitude which puts it out of the way of the family cat.

"All is serene" and the veteran baiting still goes on. "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs altitudinum" in Dixie, as their man Dr. H. Sangrado Smith will now proceed to bleed the survivors of the sacriligious gang of "Bummers" who made the "scramble for freedom (?) *unsuccessful.*"

FTOM THE PHILIPSBURG LEDGER.

Mr. Robert Lloyd enjoyed a visit from his favorite grandson, Robert Lloyd Bradin this week. Master Bradin is the son of Edward Bradin, of Tyrone, but is being reared by his aunt, Mrs. Rankin, of Elizabeth, N. J., and he is a handsome, polite boy who is a credit to his parents and his aunt.

The Philipsburg band was considered one of the best that has visited DuPois this summer, and there has been many. The band played at several places on Long avenue and Brandy street Tuesday evening.—DuBois Courier.

THE vigorous young soldier thirty years of age in 1861, is now an old man of sixty-two. Injuries received when young and strong attracted slight attention and were soon forgotten, but to-day, when age reveals defects caused by devotion to the Union, the needy, suffering veteran is hailed as another "Beggar in Blue."

Waring's Peril.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

"Why, sir, look at the life guards! Look at the horse guards in London! Every officer and man wears the aiguillette." And Braxton was a Briton by birth and breeding, and that ended it—at least so nearly ended it that Cram's diplomatic invitation to come up and try some Veuve Clicquot, extra dry, upon the merits of which he desired the colonel's opinion, had settled it for good and all. Braxton's officers who ventured to suggest that he trim the plumage of these popinjays only got snubbed, therefore, for the time being, and ordered to get the infantry full dress forthwith, and Cram and his quartette continued to blaze forth in gilded panoply until long after Sam Waring led his last german within those echoing walls and his name lived only as a dim and mist-wreathed memory in the annals of old Jackson barracks.

But on this exquisite April morning no fellow in all the garrison was more prominent, if not more popular. Despite the slight jealousy existing between the rival arms of the service, there were good fellows and gallant men among the infantry officers at the post, who were as cordially disposed towards the gay lieutenant as were the comrades of his own (colored) cloth. This is the more remarkable because he was never known to make the faintest effort to conciliate anybody and was utterly indifferent to public opinion. It would have been fortune far better than his deserts, but for the

"AND, COLONEL, I WANT YOUR ADVICE ABOUT THE CHAMPAGNE."

fact that by nature he was most generous, courteous and considerate. The soldiers of the battery were devoted to him. The servants, black or white, would run at any time to do his capricious will. The garrison children adored him. There was simply no subject under discussion at the barracks in those days on which such utter variety of opinion existed as the real character of Lieut. Sam Waring. As to his habits there was none whatever. He was a bon vivant, a "swell," a lover of all that was sweet and fair and good and gracious in life. Self-indulgent, said everybody; selfish, said some; lazy, said many, who watched him day-dreaming through the haze of cigar smoke until a drive, a hop, a ride or an opera party would call him into action. Slow, said the men, until they saw him catch Mrs. Winslow's runaway horse just at that ugly turn in the levee below the south tower. Cold-hearted, said many of the women, until Baby Brainard's fatal illness, when he watched by the little sufferer's side and brought her flowers and luscious fruit from town, and would sit at her mother's piano and play soft, sweet melodies and sing in low, tremulous tone until the wearied eyelids closed and the sleep no potion could bring to that fever-racked brain would come at last for him to whom childlove was incense and music at once a passion and a prayer. Men who little knew and less liked him thought his enmity would be but light, and few men knew him so well as to realize that his friendship could be firm and true as steel.

And so the garrison was mixed in its mind as to Mr. Waring, and among those who heard it said at the mess that he meant at all hazards to keep his engagement to breakfast in town there were some who really wished he might cut the suddenly-ordered review and thereby bring down upon his shapely, nonchalant head the wrath of Col. Braxton.

"Boots and saddles" had sounded at the artillery barracks. Mr. Pierce, as battery officer of the day, had clattered off through the north gateway. The battery had marched with dancing plumes and clanking sabers out to the stables and gun-shed. The horses of Lieuts. Doyle and Ferry were waiting for their riders underneath the gallery of their quarters. Capt. Cram, in much state, followed by his orderly bugler and guidon-bearer, all in full uniform, was riding slowly down the sunny side of the garrison, and at sight of him Doyle and Ferry, who were leisurely pulling on their gauntlets in front of their respective doors, hooked up their sabers and came clattering down their stairway; but no Waring had appeared. There, across the parade on the southern side, the bay colt, caparisoned in Waring's unimpeachable horse-equipments, was being led up and down in the shade of the quarters, Mr. Pierce's boy Jim officiating as groom, while his confrere Ananias, out of sight, was at the moment on his knees fastening the strap of his master's riding-trousers underneath the dainty gaiter boot, Mr. Waring the while surveying the proceeding over the rim of his coffee-cup.

"Dar, suh. Now into de coat, quick! Yahnduh goes Capt. Cram."

"Ananias, how often have I told you that, howsoever necessary it might be for you to hurry, I never do? It's unbecoming an officer and a gentleman to hurry, sir."

"But you's got to inspect yo' section, suh, befo' you can repote to Capt. Cram. Please hurry wid de sash, suh." And, holding the belt extended with both hands, Ananias stood eager to clasp it around Waring's slender waist, but the lieutenant waved him away.

"Get thee behind me, imp of Satan! Would you have me neglect one of the foremost articles of an artilleryman's faith? Never, sir! If there were a wrinkle in that sash it would cut a chasm in my reputation, sir." And, so saying, he stepped to the open doorway, threw the heavy tassel over and around the knob, kissed his hand jauntily to his battery commander, now riding down the opposite side of the parade, backed deliberately away the full length of the sash across the room, then, humming a favorite snatch from "Faust," deliberately wound himself into the bright crimson web, and, making a broat flat loop near the farther end and without stopping his song, nodded coolly to Ananias to come on with the belt. In the same calm and deliberate fashion he finished his military toilet, set his shako well forward on his forehead, the chin-strap hanging just below the under lip, pulled on the buff gauntlets, surveyed himself critically and leisurely in the glass, and then began slowly to descend the stairs.

"Wait—jus' one moment, please, suh," implored Ananias, hastening after him. "Jus' happened to think of it, suh: Capt. Cram's wearin' gloves dis mawnin'."

"Ah! So much the more chance to come back here in ten minutes. Whoa, coltikins; how are you this morning, sir? Think you could run away if I begged you to pretty hard? You'll try, won't you, old boy?" said Waring, stroking the glossy neck of the impatient bay. "Now, Jim, let go. Never allow anybody to hold a horse for you when you mount. That's highly unprofessional, sir. That'll do." And, so saying, he swung himself into the saddle, and, checking the bounds of his excited colt, rode calmly away to join the battery.

Already the bandsmen were marching through the north gate on the way to the broad open field in which the maneuvers were held. The adjutant, sergeant-major, and markers were following. Just outside the gate the post commander was seated on horseback, and Cram had reined in to speak with him. Now, in his blithest, cheeriest tones, Waring accosted them, raising his hand in salute as he did so:

"Good morning, colonel. Good morning, Capt. Cram. We're in luck to-day. Couldn't possibly have lovelier weather. I'm only sorry this came off so suddenly and I hadn't time to invite our friends out from town. They would have been so pleased to see the battalion—the ceremonies."

"H'm! There was plenty of time if you'd returned to the post at retreat yesterday, sir," growled old Braxton. "Everybody was notified who was here then. What time did you get back, sir?"

"Upon my word, colonel, I don't know. I never thought to look or inquire; but it was long after taps. Pardon me, though, I see I'm late inspecting." And in a moment he was riding quietly around among his teams and guns, narrowly scrutinizing each toggle, trace and strap before taking station midway between his lead drivers, and then, as Cram approached, reporting: "Left section ready, sir."

Meantime, the infantry companies were marching out through the gate and then ordering arms and resting until adjutant's call should sound. Drivers and cannoneers were dismounted to await the formation of the battalion line. Waring rode forward and in the most jovial off-hand way began telling Cram of the incidents of the previous day and his sight-seeing with the party of visitors from the north.

"By the way, I promised Mr. Allerton that they should see that team of yours before they left; so, if you've no objection, the first morning you're on duty and can't go up, I'll take advantage of your invitation and drive Miss Allerton myself. Doesn't that court adjourn this week?"

"I'm afraid not," said Cram, grimly. "It looks as though we'd have to sit to-day and to-morrow both."

"Well, that's too bad! They all want to meet you again. Couldn't you come up this evening after stables? Hello! this won't do; our infantry friends will be criticising us; I see you're wearing gloves and I'm in gauntlets. So is Doyle. We can't fit him out, I'm afraid, but I've just got some from New York exactly like yours. I'll trot back while we're waiting, if you don't object, and change them."

Cram didn't want to say yes, yet didn't like to say no. He hesitated, and—was lost. In another moment, as though never imagining refusal was possible, Waring had quickly ridden away through the gate and disappeared behind the high brick wall.

When the bugle sounded "mount," three minutes later, and the battery broke into column of pieces to march away to the maneuvering grounds, Mr. Ferry left the line of caissons and took command of the rear section. All that the battery saw of Waring or his mount the rest of the morning was just after reaching the line, when the fiery colt came tearing riderless around the field, joyfully dodging every attempt of the spectators to catch him, and reveling in the delight of kicking up his heels and showing off in the presence and sight of his envious friends in harness. Plunge though they might, the horses could not join; dodge though they might the bipeds could not catch him. Review, inspection, and the long ceremonials of the morning went off without the junior first lieutenant of Battery X, who, for his part, went off without ceremony of any kind, Cram's stylish team and wagon with him. That afternoon he reappeared driving about the barrack square, a pretty girl at his side, both engrossed in the music of the band and apparently oblivious of the bottled-up wrath of either battery or post commander.

"Be gorra!" said Doyle, "I'd like to be in his place now, provided I didn't have to be in it to-morrow."

But when the morrow came there was no Waring with it.

II.

For twenty-four hours old Brax had been mad as a hornet. He was not much of a drill-master or tactician, but he thought he was, and it delighted him to put his battalion through the form of review, the commands for which he had memorized thoroughly and delivered with resonant voice and with all proper emphasis. What he did not fancy, and indeed could not do, was the drudge-work of teaching the minutiæ of the school of the battalion, explaining each movement before undertaking its execution. This was a matter he delegated to one of his senior captains. For a week, therefore, in preparation for a possible visit on the part of the new brigadier general or his inspector, the six companies of the regiment stationed at the post had been fairly well schooled in the ceremonies of review and parade, and so long as nothing more was required of them than a march past in quick time and a ten minutes' stand in line all might go well. The general had unexpectedly appeared one evening with only a single aide-de-camp, simply, as he explained, to return the calls of the officers of the garrison, six or eight of whom had known enough to present themselves and pay their respects in person when he arrived in town. Braxton swelled with gratified pride at the general's praise of the spick-span condition of the parade, the walks, roads and visible quarters. But it was the very first old-time garrison the new chief had ever seen, a splendid fighting record with the volunteers during the war, and the advantage of taking sides for the union from a doubtful state, having conspired to win him a star in the regular service only a year or two before.

"We would have had out the battery and given you a salute, sir," said Brax, "had we known you were coming; but it's after retreat now. Next time, general, if you'll ride down some day, I'll be proud to give you a review of the whole command. We have a great big field back here."

And the general had promised to come. This necessitated combined preparation, hence the order for full dress rehearsal with battery and all, and then came confusion. Fresh from the command of his beautiful horse battery and the dashing service with a cavalry division, Cram hated the idea of limping along, as he expressed it, behind a battalion of foot, and said so, and somebody told Brax he had said so,—more than one somebody, probably,

"NOW, JIM, LET GO."

for Brax had many an adviser to keep him in trouble. The order that Cram should appear for instruction in review of infantry and artillery combined gave umbrage to the battery commander, and his reported remarks thereupon, renewed cause for displeasure to his garrison chief.

"So far as we're concerned," said Cram, who wanted to utilize the good weather for battery drill, "we need no instruction, as we have done the trick time and again before; and if we hadn't, who in the bloody Fifty-first is there to teach us? Certainly not old Brax."

All the same the order was obeyed, and Cram started out that loveliest of lovely spring mornings not entirely innocent of the conviction that he and his fellows were going to have some fun out of the thing before they got through with it. Not that he purposed putting any hitch or impediment in the way. He meant to do just exactly as he was bid; and so, when adjutant's call had sounded and the blue lines of the infantry were well out on the field, he followed in glittering column of pieces, his satin-coated horses dancing in sheer exuberance of spirits and his red-crested cannoneers sitting with folded arms, erect and statuesque, upon the ammunition-chests. Mrs. Cram, in her pretty basket phaeton, with Mrs. Lawrence, of the infantry, and several of the ladies of the garrison in ambulances or afoot, had taken station well to the front of the forming line. Then it became apparent that old Brax purposed to figure as the reviewing officer and had delegated Maj. Minor to command the troops. Now, Minor had been on mustering and disbursing duty most of the war, had never figured in a review with artillery before, and knew no more about battery tactics than Cram did of diplomacy. Mounted on a sedate old sorrel, borrowed from the quartermaster for the occasion, with an antiquated, brass-bound Jenifer saddle, minus breast-strap and housings of any kind, but equipped with his better half's brown leather bridle, Minor knew perfectly well he was only a guy, and felt indignant at Brax for putting him in so false a plight. He took his station, however, in front of the regimental colors, without stopping to think where the center of the line might be after the battery came, and there awaited further developments. Cram kept nobody waiting, however; his leading team was close at the nimble heels of Capt. Lawrence's company as it marched gayly forth to the music of the band. He formed sections at the trot the instant the ground was clear, then wheeled into line, passed well to the rear of the prolongation of the infantry rank, and by a beautiful countermarch came up to the front and halted exactly at the instant that Lawrence, with the left flank company, reached his post, each caisson accurately in trace of its piece, each team and carriage exactly at its proper interval, and, with his crimson silk guidon on the right flank and little Pierce signaling "up" or "back" from a point outside where he could verify the alignment of the gun-wheels on the rank of the infantry, Cram was able to command "front" before little Drake, the adjutant, should have piped out his shrill "Guides posts."

But Drake didn't pipe. There stood all the companies at support, each captain at the inner flank, and the guides with their inverted muskets still stolidly gazing along the line. It was time for him to pipe, but instead of so doing there he stuck at the extreme right, glaring down towards the now immovable battery and its serene commander, and the little adjutant's face was getting redder and puffier every minute.

"Go ahead! What are you waiting for?" hoarsely whispered the senior captain.

"Waiting for the battery to dress," was the stanch reply. Then aloud the shrill voice swept down the line: "Dress that battery to the right!"

Cram looked over a glittering shoulder to the right of the line, where stood the diminutive infantryman. The battery had still its war allowance of horses—three teams to each carriage, lead, swing and wheel—and that brought its captain far out to the front of the somber blue rank of foot; so far out, in fact, that he was about on line with Maj. Minor, though facing in opposite direction. Perfectly confident that he was exactly where he should be, yet equally determined to abide by any order he might receive, even though he fully understood the cause of Drake's delay, Cram promptly rode over to the guidon and ordered "right dress," at which every driver's head and eyes were promptly turned, but not an inch of a wheel, for the alignment simply could not be improved. Then after commanding "front" the captain as deliberately trotted back to his post without so much as a glance at the irate staff officer. It was just at this juncture that the bay colt came tearing down the field, his mane and tail streaming in the breeze, his reins and stirrups dangling. In the course of his gyrations about the battery and the sympathetic plunging of the teams some slight disarrangement occurred. But when he presently decided on a rush for the stables, the captain reestablished the alignment as coolly as before, and only noticed as he resumed his post that the basket phaeton and Mrs. Cram had gone. Alarmed, possibly, by the nonappearance of her warm friend Mr. Waring and the excited gambolings of his vagrant steed, she had promptly driven back to the main garrison to see if any accident had occurred, the colt meantime amusing himself in a game of fast-and-loose with the stable guard.

Then it was that old Brax came down and took a hand. Riding to where Minor still sat on his patient sorrel, the senior bluntly inquired:

"What the devil's the matter?"

"I don't know," said Minor.

"Who does know?"

"Well, Drake, possibly, or else he doesn't know anything. He's been trying to get Cram to dress his battery back."

"Why, yes, confound it! he's a mile ahead of the line," said the colonel, and off he trotted to expostulate with the batteryman. "Capt. Cram, isn't there room for your battery back of the line instead of in front of it?" inquired the chief, in tone both aggrieved and aggressive.

"Lots, sir," answered Cram, cheerfully. "Just countermarched there."

"Then I wished you'd oblige me by moving back at once, sir; you're delaying the whole ceremony here. I'm told Mr. Drake has twice ordered you to dress to the right."

"I've heard it, sir, only once, but have dressed twice, so it's all right," responded Cram, as affably as though he had no other aim in life than to gratify the whims of his post commander.

"Why, confound it, sir, it isn't all right by a da—good deal! Here you are 'way out on line with Maj. Minor, and your battery's—why, it isn't dressed on our rank at all, sir. Just look at it."

Cram resumed the carry with the saber he had lowered in salute, calmly reversed so as to face his battery, and, with preternatural gravity of mien, looked along his front. There midway between his lead drivers sat Mr. Doyle, his face well-nigh as red as his plume, his bleary eyes nearly popping out of his skull in his effort to repress the emotions excited by this colloquy. There midway between the lead drivers in the left section sat Mr. Ferry, gazing straight to the front over the erected ears of his handsome bay and doing his very best to keep a solemn face, though the unshaded corners of his boyish mouth were twitching with mischief and merriment. There, silent, disciplined and rigid, sat the sergeants, drivers and cannoneers of famous old Light Battery "X," all agog with interest in the proceedings and all looking as though they had never heard a word.

"I declare, sir," said Cram, with exasperating civility, "I can see nothing out of the way. Will you kindly indicate what is amiss?"

This was too much for Ferry. In his effort to restrain his merriment and gulp down a rising flood of laughter there was heard an explosion that sounded something like the sudden collapse of an inflated paper bag, and old Brax, glaring angrily at the boy, now red in the face with mingled mirth and consternation, caught sudden idea from the sight. Was the battery laughing at—was the battery commander guying—him? Was it possible that they were profiting by his ignorance of their regulations? It put him on his guard and suggested a tentative.

"Do you mean that you are right in being so far ahead of our line instead of dressed upon it?" asked he of the big blonde soldier in the glittering uniform. "Where do you find authority for it?"

"Oh, perfectly right, colonel. In fact, for six years past I've never seen it done any other way. You'll find the authority on page 502, Field Artillery Tactics of 1864."

For a moment Brax was dumb. He had long heard of Cram as an expert in his own branch of the service, but presently he burst forth:

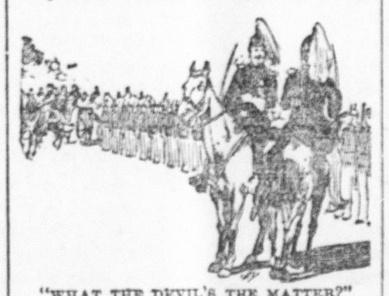
"Well, in our tactics there's reason for every blessed thing we do, but I'll be dinged if I can see rhyme or reason in such a formation as that. Why, sir, your one company takes up more room than my six—makes twice as much of a show. Of course if a combined review is to show off the artillery it's all very well. However, go ahead, if you think you're right, sir, go ahead! I'll inquire into this later."

"I know we're right, colonel; and as for the reason, you'll see it when you open ranks for review and we come to 'action front;' then our line will be exactly that of the infantry. Meantime, sir, it isn't for us to go ahead. We've gone as far as we can until your adjutant makes the next move."

But Braxton had ridden away disgusted before Cram wound up his remarks.

"Go on, Maj. Minor; just run this thing without reference to the battery. Damned if I understand their methods. Let Cram look after his own affairs; if he goes wrong, why—it's none of our concern."

And so Minor had nodded "go ahead" to Mr. Drake, and presently the whole command made its bow, so to speak, to Minor as its immediate chief, and then he drew sword and his untried voice became faintly audible. The orders: "Prepare for review" and "to the rear open order" were instantly followed by a stentorian "action front" down at the left, the instant leap and rush of some thirty nimble cannoneers, shouts of "drive on!" the cracking of whips, the thunder and rumble of wheels, the thud of plunging hoofs. Forty-eight mettlesome horses in teams of two abreast went dancing briskly away to the rear, at sight of which Minor dropped his jaw and the point of his sword and sat gazing blankly after them, over the bowed head of his placid sorrel, wondering what on earth it meant that they should all be running away, at the very instant when he expected them to brace up for review. But before he could give utterance to his thoughts eight glossy teams in almost simultaneous sweep to the left about came sharply around again. The black muzzles of the guns were pointed to the front, every axle exactly in the prolongation of his front rank, every little group of red-topped, red-trimmed cannoneers standing erect and square, the chiefs of section and of pieces sitting like statues on their handsome horses, the line of limbers accurately covering the guns, and, still farther back, Mr. Pierce could be heard shouting his orders for the alignment of the caissons. In the twinkling of an eye the rush and thunder were stilled, the battery without the twitch of a muscle stood ready for review, and old Brax, sitting gloomily in saddle at the reviewing point, watching the stirring sight with gloomy and cynical eye, was chafed still more to hear in a silvery voice from the group of ladies the



"WHAT THE DEVIL'S THE MATTER?"

unwelcome words: "Oh, wasn't that pretty!" He meant with all his heart to pull in some of the plumage of those confounded "woodpeckers," as he called them, before the day was over.

In grim silence, therefore, he rode along the front of the battalion, taking little comfort in the neatness of their quaint, old-fashioned garb, the single-breasted, long-skirted frock coats, the bulging black felt hats looped up on one side and decked with skimpy black feather, the glistening shoulder-scales and circular breast-plates, the polish of their black leather belts, cartridge and cap boxes and bayonet scabbards. It was all trim and soldierly, but he was bottling up his sense of annoyance for the benefit of Cram and his people. Yet, what could he say? Neither he nor Minor had ever before been brought into such relations with the light artillery, and he simply didn't know where to hit. Lots of things looked queer, but after this initial experience he felt it best to say nothing until he could light on a point that no one could gainsay, and he found it in front of the left section.

"Where is Mr. Waring, sir?" he sternly asked.

"I wish I knew, colonel. His horse came back without him, as you doubtless saw, and, as he hasn't appeared, I am afraid of accident."

"How did he come to leave his post, sir? I have no recollection of authorizing anything of the kind."

"Certainly not, colonel. He rode back to his quarters with my consent before adjutant's call had sounded, and he should have been with us again in abundant time."

"That young gentleman needs more discipline than he is apt to get at this rate, Capt. Cram, and I desire that you pay closer attention to his movements than you have done in the past. Mr. Drake," he said to his adjutant, who was tripping around after his chief afoot, "call on Mr. Waring to explain his absence in writing and without delay. This indifference to duty is something to which I am utterly unaccustomed," continued Braxton again, addressing Cram, who preserved a most uncompromising serenity of countenance; and with this parting shot the colonel turned gruffly away and soon retook his station at the reviewing point.

Then came the second hitch. Minor had had no experience whatever, as has been said, and he first tried to wheel into column of companies without closing ranks, whereupon every captain promptly cautioned "Stand fast," and thereby banished the last remnant of Minor's senses. Seeing that something was wrong, he tried again, this time prefacing with "Pass in review," and still the captains were implacable. The nearest one, in a stage whisper, tried to make the major hear "Close order, first." But all the time Brax was losing more of his temper and Minor what was left of his head, and Brax came down like the wolf on the fold, gave the command to "Close order" himself, and was instantly echoed by Cram's powerful shout "Limber to the rear," followed by "Pieces left about! Caissons forward!" Then, in the rumble and clank of the responding battery, Minor's next command was heard by only the right wing of the battalion, and the company wheels were ragged. So was the next part of the performance when he started to march in review, never waiting, of course, for the battery to wheel into column of sections. This omission, however, in no wise disconcerted Cram, who, following at rapid walk, soon gained on the rear of column, passing his post commander in beautiful order and with most accurate salute on the part of himself and officers, and, observing this, Minor took heart, and, recovering his senses to a certain extent, gave the command "Guide left" in abundant time to see that the new guides were accurately in trace, thereby insuring what he expected to find a beautiful wheel into line to the left, the commands for which movement he gave in louder and more confident tone, but was instantly nonplussed by seeing the battery wheel into line to the right and move off in exactly the opposite direction from what he had expected. This was altogether too much for his equanimity. Digging his spurs into the flanks of the astonished sorrel, he darted off after Cram, waving his sword, and shouting:

"Left into line wheel, captain. Left into line wheel."

In vain Mr. Pierce undertook to explain matters. Minor presumed that the artilleryman had made an actual blunder and was only enabled to correct it by a countermarch, and so rode back to his position in front of the center of the reforming line, convinced that at last he had caught the battery commander.

When Braxton, therefore, came down to make his criticisms and comments upon the conduct of the review, Minor was simply amazed to find that instead of being in error Cram had gone exactly right and as prescribed by his drill regulations in wheeling to the right and gaining ground to the rear before coming up on the line. He almost peevishly declared that he wished the colonel, if he proposed having a combined review, would assume command himself, as he didn't care to be bothered with combination tactics of which he had never had previous knowledge. Being of the same opinion, Braxton himself took hold, and the next performance, though somewhat erroneous in many respects, was a slight improvement on the first, though Braxton did not give time for the battery to complete one movement before he would rush it into another. When the officers assembled to compare notes during the rest after the second repetition, Minor growled that this was "a little better, yet not good," which led to some one suggesting in low tone that the major got his positives and comparatives worse mixed than his tactics, and inquiring further "whether it might not be well to dub him Minor Major." The laughter that followed this sally naturally reached the ears of the seniors, and so Brax never let up on the command until the review went off without an error of any appreciable weight, without, in fact, "a hitch in the fut or an unhitch in the harse," as Doyle expressed it. It was high noon when the battalion got back to barracks and the officers hung out their moist clothing to dry in the sun. It was near one when the batterymen, officers and all, came steaming up from the stables, and there was the colonel's orderly with the colonel's compliments and desires to see Capt. Cram before the big batteryman had time to change his dress.

Continued next week.

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FASHIONS AT NEWPORT.

Carriage Wraps: Yachting Dresses Striped Trimmings: Bathing Suits: Hair Dressing.

The Newport wrap is always important from the elegant lace trifle thrown around the shoulders as an ornament, to the rich colored or black velvets, sparkling with jet or jewelled passamenterie, seen in afternoon drives on Ocean or Bellevue Avenues. For warm days, short boas of ostrich feathers, box plaited French lace, satin ribbon, or open meshed net threaded with "baby ribbon," are sufficient protection, and in cooler weather give handsome finish to cloth, silk or satin capes. Alternate rows of pale green velvet ribbon and white guipure insertion make an exquisite cape for open carriage wear, and not unfrequently velvet in an open design resembling embroidery, the edges finished by jet forms the shoulder part, with rows of lace below.

NEW YACHTING SUITS

show white pencil stripes about two inches apart on blue or tan-colored serges made Eton style, with flaring black moire *revers* and butterfly collar, over very large sleeves. A handsome suit seen at a recent yachting entertainment was of white Irish poplin, the skirt trimmed with white box plaited satin ribbon; Eton jacket opening over a vest of satin ribbon and lace insertion; white sailor hat and satin band; white kid shoes with gloves to match. A white challi suit, with blue polka dotted silk trimmings, was also noticeably pretty, having coat to match, the front cut like a "reefer," with a double row of large pearl buttons. Triple cloth capes in different colors, are very popular for the sea-shore. the lower one being frequently white, and the two upper of colors that suit the weaver's complexion. A white serge yachting cape, lined and corded with white bengaline is another pretty variety.

STRIPED BORDERINGS

in rose color or blue, are very stylish on soft finished linen crash suits in ecru, cream or tan shades. Red and white stripes are also employed for the same purpose and Galatea, which for a long time was given up to children, is put on these suits, or those of white duck, in flaring collars and cuffs to match. Young people wear white dresses this season to a remarkable extent, and with their broad brimmed white sailor hats, white canvas shoes and white parasols with china handles, form charming pictures on the hotel piazzas, where in the calm summer evenings, balmy breezes waft the sweet odor of Murray & Lanman's Florida water-the old time favorite, remarkable alike for its delicacy and refreshing pungency. Blue and white, or black and white combinations increase in popularity, especially the use of black lace on colored muslin, but for evening, pink is the leading color.

BROWN HOLLAND

riding habits illustrate the present partiality for this material, skirts being shaped in precisely the same manner as those of heavy melton. A round habit basque meets over a white drill vest, and a white lawn or black satin tie is most stylish. Black mohair bathing suits are very popular, navy-blue flannel however, is still in good demand. Ornamented vests, Derby collars, and even ruffles on sleeves, are reproduced in bathing suits. White bands showing rows of colored braid, one of wide Hercules braid, or several of narrow braid are in vogue. A red silk handkerchief tied in front, with two upstanding ends is more *chic* than a rubber cap.

HAIR DRESSING

appears to be a matter of individual task, and coils either high or low, a simple roll reaching quite to the fluffy bang, or soft braids at the back are all fashionable. Side waves are universal for young people, a fancy pin usually completing stylish coiffures. Sashes are again worn to a considerable extent, and the bow-knot is finally superseded by the dagger; a design admitting of great variety.

VERONA CLARKE.

PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Are ahead of them all, chiefly among them is the display of pure liquors manufactured in the state. It is conceded that no rye whiskies made in the world can equal those made in Pennsylvania, more especially Silver Age, Duquense or Bear Creek. These three brands head the list of pure Ryes, and are so well known that every reputable dealer sells them. North East, South and West they lead all others, because they are pure; because they are reliable, and because they are stimulants that strengthen and invigorate. They are sold at prices wfthin the reach of all, and are sold upon their merits for purity and strength. Silver Age, $1.50; Duquense, $1.25; Bear Creek, $1.00, full standard quarts. Ask your dealer for them; insist on having them, and if you cannot be supplied, send to Max Klein, Allegheny, Pa. Price list of all liquors sent on application. All goods packed neatly and securely.

MAX KLEIN, Allegheny, Pa.
S. Schloss, Williamsport, Pa., Agent.

The second day of September will be the last day on which voters can be registered and assessed under the new law. It is therefore important to all who claim the right to vote at the coming November election to look over the registry book which is conspicuously exposed at all of the polling places of the various wards and precincts in the towns and county.

Voters who have been in the state one year and sixty days in the ward prior to November 4 are entitled to a vote. The assessors of the wards and precints will, upon application of any male citizen twenty-one years of age and over, properly register and assess such application as a qualified voter.

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NEW YORK, August 19, 1893.

Business at the Stock Exchange has shown little change during the past week, in either volume or prices. There has been however a distinct improvement in tone. The feeling has become more settled, and adverse occurrences have little effect upon holders of securities. The putting of Northern Pacific under a receivership, which might naturally have been expected to affect the market very adversely, had but a trifling effect upon prices. The market, in short, seems to have reached "hard-pan," and stocks are so well held that neither accidents nor "bear" attacks produce any important impression on values. In this respect, the market may be said to be in a relatively strong passion; and also in the further sense that prices for railroad shares range far below what would be warranted by the finances of the companies. It is true that the current earnings show a considerable decline, owing to the universal depression of business; but the fall in prices has gone immeasurably beyond what that loss of business would call for, whilst working expenses are being severely cut down by all the roads. At current prices, therefore, stocks remain an unusually tempting investment purchase and people of private means continue to take them off the market, thereby strengthening the position of holders at large.

Under these circumstances, the Stock Exchange interest may be considered as having passed the worst phase of this extraordinarily protracted panic, and is waiting composedly for the return of confidence in other interests, most of which are still enduring acute prostration.

The general situation may be said to be on the mend; but the recovery is so slight as to be scarcely observable from day to day. There is certainly less apprehension than existed a week or two ago. The number of bank failures and of mercantile suspension is declining, and about as many banks are resuming operations as are closing their doors. There cannot be said to be any important general distrust as to the solvency of mercantile firms, and such fear as exists in that quarter is mainly against the possibility of sound houses becoming embarrassed though the continued extraordinary scarcity of money. The trouble among the banks seems to be less acute than it was a week ago. There has perhaps been no material abatement in the applications for currency from the interior banks; but, as those demands now meet with but a restricted response, the city banks may be presumed to be getting their resources into better shape. This result is apparent in some increase of discounting prime paper and is a disposition to lend more on call. There is also evidence of an abatement of the extreme scarcity of currency, and the opinion seems very general that the premium on money has brought into circulation a considerable amount of hoarded funds. The continued arrival of gold from Europe have made a large contribuiion to the local stock of money, which must have a favorable effect through restoring the reserves of the banks; but as the banks may be reasonably expected to first of all husband their resources in veiw of the weakened condition in which they are now placed, these new supplies of money have not yet had the effect of extinguishing the premium on currency, though they have materially reduced it.

HENRY CLEWS.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

Ripans Tabules: standard remedy.

Bogus! Bogus white lead would have no sale did it not afford makers a larger profit than Strictly Pure White Lead.

The wise man is never persuaded to buy paint that is said to be "just as good" or "better" than

Strictly Pure White Lead

The market is flooded with spurious white leads. The following analyses, made by eminent chemists, of two of these misleading brands show the exact proportion of genuine white lead they contain:

Misleading Brand

"Standard Lead Co. Strictly Pure White Lead. St. Louis."

Materials	Proportions	Analyzed by
Barytes	59.36 per cent.	Regis Chauvenet & Bro., St. Louis.
Oxide of Zinc	34.18 per cent.	
White Lead	6.46 per cent.	

Less than 7 per cent. white lead.

Misleading Brand

"Pacific Warranted Pure [A] White Lead."

Materials	Proportions	Analyzed by
Sulphate of Lead	4.18 per cent.	Ledoux & Co., New York.
Oxide of Zinc	45.04 per cent.	
Barytes	50.68 per cent.	

No white lead in it.

You can avoid bogus lead by purchasing any of the following brands. They are manufactured by the "Old Dutch" process, and are the standards:

"Armstrong & McKelvy" "Beymer-Bauman" "Fahnestock" "Davis-Chambers"

For sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., 1 Broadway, New York.

Pittsburgh Branch, National Lead and Oil Co. of Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating. Cures Constipation, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 512 W. 45th St., N.Y.

Cures Sick Headache

TROUBLE IN THE DEMOCRATIC CAMP.

What does this news from Washington portend? ACHILLES COCKRAN sulking in his tent; Democratic leaders at war; threats of political assassination; charges of the basest treachery against those who have fed most heartily at CLEVELAND'S official table; frantic appeals to Republicans to save the nation

—What mean these?

It means that the people made a mistake last fall when they placed the Democratic party in power. And it further means that they have found it out. There is not one good measure for the relief of present ills that does not depend for more than one-half its votes on the Republican members. The Republicans will not fail in doing their duty, but it is a severe comment on the people and satire on Democracy that the Republican party must do the heavy work at this time.

It is within the power of Congress to help this country out of its financial difficulties, and that right speedily. The Republicans stand ready to furnish more than half the necessary votes. What will the Democrats do? Apparently they will talk until doomsday.

What wretched comforters!

We appeal to the Democrats to drop partisanship and get down to business. The Republicans have done so and are ready to vote at any moment. Cannot the Democratic victors afford to do the same? A vote may possibly be reached before this reaches our readers but this is the situation at this writing.

MRS. M O OLIPHANT will contribute an article on Daniel Defoe to the September *Century*. She says that no man in his age was a more complete paradox than Defoe. "His fame is world-wide, though all that is known of him is one or two of his least productions." He was fifty-eight years of age at the time "Robinson Crusoe" was written, and he was then a man who had fallen and failed, and had made but little of his life.

Pitcher's Castoria.

Mrs. S. W. White

Tells of a family blessing.

Thus she writes to Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I suffered for 10 years with female complaints of the worst form, accompanied by severe spinal trouble, causing incessant backache, weakness of the stomach, and nervousness.

"I gave up all hope of ever being well again. Just then I began to take:—

"*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.* I followed your directions and treatment until I am now a perfectly well woman.

"I gave it to my two daughters, aged 14 and 16 years, and they are fine, healthy girls.

"It is surely a blessing to our family."—816 *Holly St., West Philadelphia, Pa.*

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

HUMPHREYS'

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequaled.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Head. It is Infallible.

For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples, It is invaluable.

Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

THE PILE OINTMENT

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

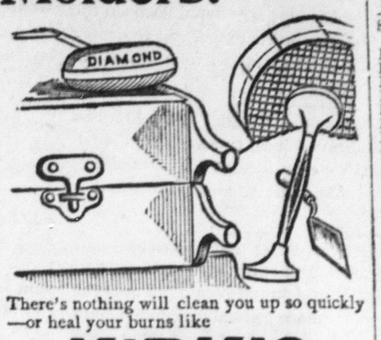
BETTON'S PILE SALVE

A Positive Cure FOR PILES.

In use over 50 years. *Simple, Effective, Wonderful.* Highest testimonials. At druggists, or mailed on receipt of price—50c. per box.

WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO., Props., Baltimore, Md.

Molders!



There's nothing will clean you up so quickly —or heal your burns like

KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP

because of its high percentage of tar. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

White Russian Soap The Best Soap for Flannels.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured or no charge by

BOYD'S OINTMENT.

Write for our system of cure.

A safe and SURE CURE for Eczema, Granulated Eye Lids, Scald Heads, Barber's Itch, Tetter, Pimples, Ring-worms, Erysipelas, Soft corns,

BURNING ITCHING PILES,

and all cutaneous eruptions.

BOYD OINTMENT CO.

KITTANING, - - - PENNA

24-30-1y

Ripans Tabules: a family remedy.

Ripans Tabules: see advertisement.

Pitcher's Castoria.

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE.

Cures Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases. Known by a tired, languid feeling; inaction of the kidneys weakens and poisons the blood and unless cause is removed you cannot have health. Cured me over five years ago of Brights Disease and Dropsy—MRS. I. L. C. MILLER, Bethlehem, Pa. 1,000 other similar testimonials. Try it. Cure guaranteed.

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE CO., 720 Venango St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sold by all Reliable Druggists. 24,14,26t.eow

I KEEP COOL

inside, outside, and all the way through, by drinking

HIRES' Root Beer

This great Temperance drink; is as healthful, as it is pleasant. Try it.

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Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DR. THEEL,

538 North Fourth St., below Green, Philadelphia (EIN DEUTSCHER ARZT). After the self-styled great and famous specialists, the hospital and college professors and family physicians, and the different Quacks with their most wonderful discoveries have failed to cure you of Syphilis, Blood Poison, Scrofula, Strictures, Ulcers, Sore Throat, Discharges, Boils, Swellings, Loss of Power and Decay, the Effects of Indiscretion, Debility, want of Confidence, Night Dreams, Shrunken Organs, Piles, Lost Manhood, Hydrocele, Rupture, CATARRH, then consult DR. THEEL, or send five 2-ct. stamps for book "TRUTH," exposing every form of quackery in medicine. Hours: Daily, 9 to 3; ev'gs, 6 to 8; Wed. and Sat. ev'gs, 6 to 10; Sundays, 9 to 12; afternoon, 2 to 8. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days. Relief at once. Write or call. Utmost secrecy guaranteed. The best-equipped offices in America. AVOID home-cure swindle and free consultation and guarantees and cheap poisonous treatment; they are dangerous and misleading, and ruin thousands. Write or call.

WE WANT YOU

to act as our agent. We furnish an expensive outfit and all you need free. It costs nothing to try the business. We will treat you well, and help you to earn ten times ordinary wages. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Any one any where can earn a great deal of money. Many have made Two Hundred Dollars a Month. No class of people in the world are making so much money without capital as those at work for us. Business pleasant, strictly honorable, and pays better than any other offered to agents. You have a clear field, with no competition. We equip you with everything, and supply printed directions for beginners which, if obeyed faithfully, will bring more money than will any other business. Improve your prospects! Why not? You can do so easily and surely at work for us. Reasonable industry only necessary for absolute success. Pamphlet circular giving every particular is sent free to all. Delay not in sending for it.

GEORGE STINSON & CO., Box No. 488, Portland, Me.

RUPTURE! Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer 831 Arch St. Phila. Pa. Ease at once. No operation or business delay. Thousands of cures. Dr. Mayer is at Hotel Penn, Reading, Pa., second Saturday of each month. Send for circulars. Advice free.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 19, 1892.

STATIONS	Dis	Westward A.M	Westward P.M
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	2 25
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	2 29
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	2 31
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	2 42
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	2 45
Howard	14.5	5 07	2 54
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	10 02
Curtin	19.9	5 18	10 09
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 18
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 28
Milesburg	23.5	5 45	10 38
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 43
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 51
Julian	32.9	6 05	11 00
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 09
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 17
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 26
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	11 49
Dix—f	46.3	6 32	11 32
Bald Eagle	49.2	6 38	11 38
Vail	51.2	6 42	11 43
East Tyrone	53.0	6 45	11 48
TYRONE	54.3	6 52	11 55

STATIONS	Dis	Eastward A.M	Eastward P.M	Eastward P.M
TYRONE		8 10	3 10	7 2
East Tyrone	1.3	8 17	3 17	7 2
Vail	3.1	8 20	3 20	7 [illegible]
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 25	3 24	7 39
Dix—f	8.6	8 30	3 30	7 45
Fowler—f	9.3	8 32	3 33	7 48
Hannah—f	10.6	8 36	3 37	7 52
Port Matilda	13.9	8 43	3 44	7 59
Martha	17.3	8 51	3 52	8 07
Julian	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 16
Unionville	25.8	9 10	4 10	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 18	4 17	8 32
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 35
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 32	4 30	8 45
Milesburg	30.8	9 47	4 40	9 00
Curtin	34.4	9 56	4 46	9 07
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	10 02	4 50	9 13
Howard	39.8	10 09	4 57	9 22
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 17	5 15	9 39
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 08	9 33
Mill Hall	51.3	10 34	5 19	9 44
Flemington	52.5	10 34	5 24	9 47
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 37	5 25	9 50

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Westward Dis.	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	Eastward P.M
P.M A.M				
4 50 10 00	SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 40
5 05 10 18 5.3	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 25
5 15 10 28 8.7	Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 21 10 34 10.6	Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 26 10 45 12.3	Marengo f	13.6	8 46	4 01
5 32 10 52 13.5	Loverille f	12.1	8 37	3 55
5 39 10 58 15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
5 43 11 02 15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 [illegible]
5 53 11 10 18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 38
6 05 11 20 20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 15 11 32 23.5	Stover	2.1	7 [illegible]	3 0
6 25 11 40 25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 8

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec. 19 1892.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.35 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.16 p m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Dis.	Westward a.m.	p.m.		Eastward a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
.0	5.49	2.09	MONTANDON	5.30	9.10	4 55
1.5	6.15	2.08	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5.20	9.00	4 47
1.5	6.15	2.08	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar		9.00	4 47
5.4	6.23	2.17	Biehl f		8.52	4.39
6.8	6.28	2.22	Vicksburg f		8.47	4.35
10.7	6.37	2.31	MIFFLINBURG		8.38	4.27
13.1	6.42	2.36	Barber f		8.33	4.22
15.2	6.47	2.41	Swengle f		8.27	4.17
16.1	7.50	2.43	Millmont		8.25	4.15
18.6	7.58	2.51	GLEN IRON		8.17	4.07
23.5	7.07	3.00	Pardee f		8.08	3.59
28.9	7.18	3.11	Cherry Run f		7.57	3.48
32.3	7.27	3.20	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.48	3.40
33.9	7.31	3.25	Ingleby f		7.45	3.37
36.6	7.38	3.39	Coburn		7.38	3.30
39.6	7.45	3.37	Zerby f		7.30	3.23
43.4	7.55	3.47	Rising Springs		7.21	3.14
46.2	8.02	3.53	Penn's Cave f		7.14	3.07
49.2	8.09	4.01	CENTRE HALL		7.06	3.01
51.6	8.16	4.07	Gregg f		7.00	2.54
54.6	8.23	4.13	Linden Hall		6.52	2.47
56.7	8.23	4.18	OAK HALL		6.47	2.42
58.3	8.32	4.22	LEMONT		6.43	2.37
60.2	8.37	4.27	Dale Summit f		6.38	2.33
63.9	8.47	4.37	Pleasant Gap f		6.28	2.23
65.2	8.50	4.40	Axeman f		6.25	2.20
67.4	8.55	4.45	BELLEFONTE		6.20	2.15

For rates, maps, etc., call on ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, Aen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD 12 pm	10 pm	8 pm	1 pm	2 pm		1 am	3 am	7 am	9 am	WESTWARD 11 pm
6 35	3 50	9 05	Bellefont		6 30	10 30				4 40
6 28	3 44	8 59	Coleville		6 27	10 35				4 45
6 25	3 41	8 56	Morris		6 40	10 38				4 48
6 22	3 38	8 52	Whitmer		6 44	10 43				4 51
6 19	3 35	8 49	Linns		6 47	10 46				4 54
6 17	3 33	8 47	Hunters		6 50	10 48				4 56
6 14	3 31	8 44	Filmore		6 53	10 52				5 00
6 11	3 28	8 40	Sellers		6 57	10 56				5 03
6 09	3 26	8 38	Briarly		7 00	10 58				5 05
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale	7 19		5 16		
	5 43		8 12		Mattern	7 24		5 20		
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown	7 29		5 23		
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank	7 35		5 30		
5 51		3 08	8 18		Krumr'ne	7 21		11 13		5 24
5 48		3 05	8 14		Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		3 00	8 10		St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.

THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 18th, 1892.

	WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL	leaves Phila daily	11 20 p m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 30 a m
"	" William'port "	7 10 a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	7 31 a m
"	" Lock Haven "	7 55 a m
"	" Renovo "	8 55 a m
"	arrives Erie "	3 40 p m
NIAGRA EX.	l'ves Phila week d'ys	8 50 a m
"	" Harrsburg "	12 10 p m
"	arrives at Wmsport "	3 00 p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 10 p m
"	" Renovo "	5 15 p m
"	" Kane "	9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 15 p m
FAST LINE	leaves Phila. week days	11 40 a m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 45 p m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10 p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven "	8 02 p m
"	" Renovo "	9 00 p m
NEWS EX.	l'ves Philadelphia daily	4 30 a m
"	" Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	" Williamsport	11 20 a m
"	arrives at Lock Haven	12 15 p m
Wms'port Ex.	l'ves Phila. week days	4 35 p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 55 p m
"	arrive Williamsport	10 40 p m
Rochester Exp.	leaves Phila. w'k d's	9 20 p m
"	" Harrisb'g	12 30 a m
"	arrives Williamsp't	3 25 a m
Williamsp't	leaves Phila. Sun. only	2 25 p m
"	" Harrisb'g	5 25 p m
"	arrives Williamsp't	8 35 p m
	EASTWARD.	
Sea Shore Express	l'vs L Haven w	7 15 a m
"	" Jersey Shore.	7 41 a m
"	" Wms'port	8 15 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	" Phila	3 00 a m
DAY EX.	leaves Kane week days	6 30 a m
"	" Renovo	10 20 a m
"	Lock Haven	11 20 a m
"	Williamsport	12 30 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 30 p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie daily	3 25 p m
"	" Renovo	10 35 p m
"	" Lock Haven	11 25 p m
"	" Williamsport	12 25 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 22 p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50 p m
EXP. NO. 6	leaves Erie	7 25 a m
"	" Kane	11 10 a m
"	" leaves Renovo	4 45 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	10 05 p m
"	" Philadelphia	4 25 a m
WMS'PORT EXP.	lv.s Wms'port	3 25 a m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	6 10 a m
"	arrives at Philadelphia	10 20 a m
Philada. Accom.	leaves Williamsp't	4 00 p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 30 p m
"	arrives Philada. at	10 55 p m

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. N. N.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V. R. R.

ISON Passenger Agent

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Republican County Ticket.

FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN F. HARTER, of Millheim.

FOR TREASURER,
R. T. COMLEY, of Union Twp.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
JAS. B. STROHM, of Potter Twp.,
M. F. RIDDLE, of Spring Twp.

FOR REGISTER,
J. E. RICHARDS, of Rush Twp.

FOR RECORDER,
J. L. HOLMES, of College Twp.

FOR CORONER,
DR. THOS. TOBIN, of Halfmoon.

FOR AUDITORS,
E. S. DORWORTH, of Bellefonte,
JNO. D. WAGNER, of Gregg Twp.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
WM. H. SNYDER, of Liberty.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg "	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
" "	2 Geo Lamb	Philipsburg
" "	3 W Capt Harry Sinler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover, Philipsb'g	
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Moshannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson "	J A Sunday	"
Gregg "	N P Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Gregg "	S P John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg "	E P. Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines "	E P Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Halfmoon "	W P James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	E P Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Ruben Gofmen	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buffalo Run
Penn "	Same Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	Andrew Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Alexander Miller	Sandy Ridge
Snow Shoe E P	Alfred Lucas	Snow Shoe
Snow Shoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John G Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Of the work of the Republican convention on Tuesday it can very truly be said it was well done. True, it may not have been the personal choice of every republican in the county, but where is the ticket that would be? but it is a ticket composed of men against whom none can kick and all of whom every republican in the county can support.

Dr. John F Harter, for Sheriff, is one of the strongest men possible to nominate. He is not only popular in his party, but will poll a heavy vote among the democrats. His name at the head of the list will add strength to the entire ticket, and we predict his election by a good majority.

R T Comely, for treasurer, is a man against whom friend or foe can say nothing. A hard working, whole-souled fellow from Union township. His popularity will be duly proven in November.

For commissioners, Jas. B Strohm and M F Riddle, two republicans than whom no better could have been found, make a strong team. The first needs no introduction and the latter has been so closely identified with republican politics for many years, that he, also, is well and favorably known all over the county.

J E Richards, for register, is a hard-working republican of Rush township; and as deserving as he is hard-working. The fact that he has been schooled by the staunch republicans of Philipsburg is a sufficient guarantee of his fitness.

J L Holmes, for recorder, is a young merchant of College. A young man of ability and one fully capable to perform the duties of the office for which he was nominated.

All the above with Dr. E S Dorworth and John D Wagner, for Auditors; Dr. Thomas Tobin, for coroner, and William H Snyder, for county surveyor, make up a ticket of most excellent quality and unusual strength. It only now behooves the candidates and every good republican in the county to go to work with a will to insure a glorious victory for all on the 7th of next November.

Down with the Veteran! for he had no right and no business to save the Union. Hurrah for ingratitude! who's afraid of history? Me and Adlai won without a record!

REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES.

The republican primary meetings last Saturday afternoon and evening all over the county were more generally attended than they have been for years, and the advice given to the voters in last week's REPUBLICAN, that instructions should be given the delegates indicating the people choice, was very generally followed. The ticket therefore that was nominated last Tuesday must be the choice of the majority of the party, and the choice of the majority should now be the first and only choice of every republican. The defeated candidates, most of whom we have seen, express a determination to do all they can to secure the triumphant election of the men placed in nomination last Tuesday. This is as it should be, and when these men ask for favors again their loyalty to the true interest of republican principles and the republican party should be rewarded. The place to fight our battles is in our own party, but when we meet the common foe to republicanism and good government every man should stand right in his place with his face to the foe.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! the gang is marching, cheer up Copperheads they will come, and in the cry of Fraud your malice and hate for the Union soldiers will be satisfied.

HOKE SMITH'S VICTIMS.

Dayton Journal.

About 200 veteran pensioners are victims of Hoke Smith's suspension of pensions in this county, some in Dayton, but most at the Soldiers Home. About thirty received notice yesterday that they would have to go to the expense of again proving their right to pensions. Among them were the following at the Soldiers' Home:—

Daniel B McCormick, aged 76, of the Thirteenth West Virginia Infantry; helpless.

Joseph C Ming, aged 74, of the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry; helpless.

Martin Weld, aged 74, of the One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania Infantry; helpless.

Louis Chamberlain, aged 60, of the Rhode Island Infantry; in the last stages of consumption.

Alexander Thompson, One Hundred and Forty-third Pennsylvania Infantry; helpless from rheumatism.

Joel C Rarry, Nienty-seventh Ohio Volunteer Infantry; a helpless epileptic.

Matthias Smith, 73 years, of the Eighteenth Illinois; helpless.

Perry Foster, aged 70; helpless.

Charles Bloquest, aged 77, of the Eleventh Minnesota; helpless.

Unless a halt is called on these outrages on veterans, the Democratic party will have no following among soldiers anywhere.

"Shout the glad tidings exultantly! Sing, ye Clevelandites! Fraud! Monstrous Fraud! One "Bald-headed" man is drawing a pension for the loss of his hair or hearing (the difference is immaterial to the Veteran Hunters.)

Please forgive and forget! Sherman's men thought that they would deserve well of the country by saving the Union. They meant no harm; only they had been taught from childhood to love the old Flag and followed it through the pestilential swamps of Georgia and South Carolina, with childish faith in the honor of any cause that the old Flag represented. Please, good sirs, our Old Commander has surrendered his command forever, let his name and fame rest in peace in the hearts of the few of his "Old Boys" left on this side of the river. Uncle Billy's name is very dear to some of those whom you honored by "maiming." We pray you let Sherman's name remain at peace in the memory of those who fought with——

Is that servile enough, you cowardly Copperheads, who drown every honest, patriotic, indignant word with the currish cry of "Bloody Shirt?"

"Hurrah for the brave soldiers of the Union."—1893.

CONFEDERATE PENSIONERS.

From the Kansas City Journal.

The Mexican War pensioner can congratulate himself that he never assisted in putting down the Democratic Rebellion.

Indeed he can, for had he marched through Georgia to suppress Rebellion, that eminent vindicator of Southern Rights, the Hon. Hokuspocus, of Georgia, would have investigated his baldness and corns before permitting him to receive his pension. Great has become *The Smith*.

COUNCIL.

The borough council met in regular session last Monday evening. There were six members present. It was decided that the band stand which the commissioners moved from the court house yard into the square should be removed within ten days, borough solicitor Dale considering it dangerous, being likely to frighten horses, making the borough liable for damages. The fine for cows that are put in the pond has in the past been two dollars a head, one half of which went to the high constable, the council decided to reduce this to one dollar. This is right, the fine was too much.

DEATH OF MISS ELIZA DEHAAS.

Last Sunday morning Eliza DeHaas who has been a servant in the Benner family in Bellefonte for over half a century was found dead in bed. John B. Linn, Esq., gives the following account of this aged lady:

Miss Eliza DeHaas died at the residence of the Misser Benner, on High street, on Sunday morning, August 20, 1893, aged eighty-seven years. She has resided with the Benner family in the capacity of a servant for over sixty years. Her sister Harriet preceded her to the grave, four years ago.

Their grandfather, Gen. John Philip DeHaas, was a Major in Lt. Col. Francis Battalion under Col. Bonquet in 1764, in the French and Indian war. For his services he became entitled to a large tract of land in Buffalo Valley, Union county, and a tract of land containing eight hundred and nine acres on Bald Eagle creek, a half mile below the mouth of Beech Creek. He also purchased of his brother officers several tracts: Captain William Piper allotment, at the mouth of Beech Creek, 553 acres, which DeHaas called "Henrietta," after his daughter; the Captain Conrad Bucher tract, which includes the mouth of Beech Creek, 570 acres; the Lieutenant James Foster tract, and two tracts west of Captain Bucher.

Major DeHaas became colonel in the revolution and commanded the first Pennsylvania Battalion in Canada in 1776, and was promoted Brigadier General, in 1777; as he was very old he served but a short time; settled in Philadelphia and died there June 3, 1786, possessed of large estates.

John Philip DeHaas, Jr., (father of Eliza) was appointed an ensign by Gen. Gates, August 6, 1776 in Col. DeHaas' regiment, but was a boy at school and did not join the regiment. He was promoted Second Lieut. of 2nd Penna. regiment of the line.

John Philip, Jr., married Ann Shippen, of Philadelphia, a near relative of Mrs. Benedict Arnold, and removed with his family to Bald Eagle creek, in 1806. They came with coach and horses, their daughter Eliza, who is just deceased, being then but three months old. Varying fortune reduced the family in circumstances, and the two daughters mentioned, found a home in the family of J. Matlock Benner, in Bellefonte, where in their declining years they were tenderly cared for by the Misses Benner.

Lieut. DeHaas' family consisted of John P. DeHaas, Eleanor, married to Thomas Stevenson, William, Harriet, Edward, recently deceased in Curtin township, Ann, married to Joshua Roan, and Eliza, all now deceased.

John B. Linn.

FAMILY REUNION.

A family reunion was held at Fillmore last Saturday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L B McEntire, in which all the members of the family participated. Among those present were Ed. C McEntire and wife, of Carthage, Mo.; Dr. O W McEntire and wife, of Williamsport; Dr. J C McEntire and family, of Bellefonte; A B Cowher and wife, of Hunter's Park. It was 10 o'clock in the morning when the assembled guests sat down to a dinner especially prepared for the occasion. On the table were the most varied assortment of viands, consisting of all the good things of the season. It was a happy time and one long to be remembered, for who knows if another year they can all again gather at the old home. L B McEntire, the aged parent, has had a home in Fillmore for many years and held the position of post master through republican and democratic administrations. To all he has, by his gentlemanly manners and careful attention to his duties, given perfect satisfaction.

—The High constable of Bellefonte has been doing quite a business arresting cows the past week. One day, it is said, he inpounded five, for which the owners under the law would have to pay two dollars apiece to secure their liberty. One of the cows that was arrested the past week was offered to us by the owner for ten dollars. The idea of the borough charging a poor man two dollars just because, by accident, his ten-dollar cow happened to wander for a short time on the streets without a cow boy along. If that man's cow gets into the pound a half a dozen times during the summer it will cost the owner more for fines than his cow is worth. We have heard a rumor, which we hope is not true, viz., that the cows of one of our wealthiest citizens got into the pound and the borough dads let them out without charging him anything; this would not be fair play. The law should apply to all alike, or if any cow is let out free it should be the poor mans. Gentlemen, now you have made the law, act square in executing it and not have one rule for the poor and another for the rich.

One of the biggest jobs of pumping on record is that undertaken by a mining company at Ishpeming Michigan, which has undertaken to empty lake Angeline, a body of water covering one hundred sixty acres and seventy feet deep in the middle. Very valuable deposits of iron ore lie at the bottom of the lake, and it is to get at these that the work was undertaken. A pump with a capacity of twenty thousand gallons a minute was set to work last spring and the water has only recently been drained out. It is now found that the lake is covered with a deposit of mud from two to four feet deep and this is kept soft by numberless springs, which flow into it from beneath, so soft that anything falling into it is speedily lost to sight. Big tubular standpipes have been let down into this mud pierced with innumerable holes, not much bigger than a needle's point, and the water that drains into them is being pumped out. It is hoped in this way to being the mud to such a state of solidity that shafts may be sunk into the rich ore underneath.

OPERA HOUSE ATTRACTIONS.

The following are some of the attractions to appear in the Garman opera house this coming season:

Sept. 4th, Madeline Meril, "A story of a Kiss."
" 20, Chas. A. Loder, "Oh What a Night."
" 26, Chas. L. Davis, "Alvin Joslin."
Oct. 4th, "Later on."
" 9, Gilbert Opera Co, in "Black Hussar."
" 18, Labadi & Rowel, in "Faust."
" 28, "Kellar."
Nov. 15, Phil W. Peters in the "Old Soldier."
" 23, "Held in Slavery."
Dec. 6th, "McSweeney's Nomination."
" 11, "Fortune's Follies."
" 16. "The Burglar."
" 18, 19, 20 and 21. Teachers Institute.
" 22, Arthur Demmings. Minstrels.
" 25, "Hamlet."
" 26, "Richard the Third."
Jan. 11, "Little Nugget."
" 16, "Grime's Cellar Door."
" 24, "Carter's Tornado."
Feb. 7, "A Barrel of Money."
" 14, "The Stock Broker."
April 20, "Sefton's Comic Opera Co.
" 26, Carter's Fast Mail.

DEATH OF MRS. THOMAS PURDUE.

About four weeks ago Mrs. Thomas Purdue went to the Old Fort in Penns Valley, this county, to nurse her daughter who was sick with typhoid fever. She caught the disease and upon her return was very sick until death relieved her from pain and suffering last Wednesday morning at three o'clock. She leaves behind her a large family consisting of a husband and nine children. She was a faithful wife, a loving mother, a kind neighbor. Her loss will be felt by a large circle of friends. The funeral was last Friday morning at 10 o'clock, a large concourse of people followed the remains to their last resting place in Meyer's cemetery at Buffalo Run.

Merchants must deal with what is called the dull season of a summer as mariners do when a lull in wind occurs to carry their craft along. The mariners who is caught in a lull puts out all the canvass and there by catches all the wind that blows in his directions enabling him to move along instead of lying idly in one spot. In dull periods of all markets is the proper time to do generous advertising. It is indeed, the only true process to scoop in customers who are abroad hunting for bargains in mid summer. Make it advantageous for buyers and they will clear the goods from shelves, if prices for them are right, and the course to prove that they are is to advertise the fact.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., August 21, 1893.

R. W. Dickey, Jr.; Jared Frederick; R. Ferguson; Annie Fortney; C. H. Hillier; John Lundell; Wm. J. Dowery; Mrs. Amanda Millar; Marion J. Meninger; M. D. Ritchie; Joseph E. Smith; Mandell Shope; Minnie Woods; John Witnoyre.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. Fiedler. P. M.

WILLING TO QUIT.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

The South is perfectly willing to pay its fair share of the cost of keeping in comfort the veterans it succeeded in maiming thirty years ago, but it objects to supporting veterans who are able to work for a living. Wage-earners and disabled pensioners do not go well together. We are assured, however, by the *Morning advertiser* that the death agony, the wounds and the terror of the bloody days at Antietam and Gettysburg "can never be paid for in money." And, this being true, it is about time for Uncle Sam to quit trying.

Harper's Weekly for the present week contains a timely and attractive front page illustration of a young yachtswoman mounting the gang way of a steam-yacht. Another of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's readable articles on the "Rules of the Mediterranean"—this time Modern Athens—is also contained in the Number. A full page illustration showing the interior of a representative city summer-garden, with characteristic sketches, shows how those who stay in the city in summer amuse themselves. Furthermore, instalments of the "Cliff Dwellers," of incidents at the World's Fair, a capital page of views at the Newport Naval Training Station, some pictures of the Longwood Tennis Tournament, and views of Daily's Theatre make up an unusually attractive Number.

—We are pained to learn of the new sorrow that has come upon James Derr, the auctioneer. Last Tuesday he followed a beloved wife to the tomb; on Friday his youngest child, about five months old, followed its mother to the land of the hereafter from which no traveler ever returns. It is a sad and crushing sorrow and he will have the sympathy of all in his deep affliction. We commend him to the consolation of that religion in which he puts his trust. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

Mr. Blount not only hauled down the American flag at Honolulu, but he now assumes responsibility of ignoring the Fourth of July. Is this Americanism, or what?

The above from an exchange suggests at once the answer.

It is Clevelandism, Copperheadism and Treason.

RULES FOR COOKING VEGETABLES

Have them fresh as possible.

Pick over, wash well, cut out all decayed or unripe parts.

Lay them when peeled in cold water for some time before cooking.

If you boil them put a little salt in the water.

Cook steadily after placing on the fire.

Be sure they are thoroughly done.

Drain well.

Serve hot.

Baked Onions—The large Spanish or Bermuda onions are the only kinds which are usually baked. Wash clean but do not pare; boil an hour. The water should be salted, boiling when they are put in; change the water twice, adding more boiling water. When done, take the onions out and lay on a cloth to absorb all the moisture; roll each in butter tissue paper, twisting it at the top to keep it closed; bake in a slow oven. When tender all through peel them, put in a deep dish and brown, basting freely with butter. Make a gravy of flour and butter and pour over them in a deep dish.

Tomato Salad—Twelve medium sized tomatoes, peeled and sliced, four hard boiled eggs, one raw egg, one teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, one teaspoon salad oil, two teacupsful vinegar, rub the yolks to a smooth paste, adding by degrees the salt, sugar, pepper, mustard and oil. Beat the raw egg to a froth and stir in lastly the vinegar. Peel the tomatoes, slice them a quarter of an inch thick, and set the dish on ice while you are preparing the dressing. Stir a big lump of ice into the dressing until it is cold; pour this over the tomatoes and leave on ice until needed. This salad is delicious especially when ice cold.

Green Corn Pudding—One quart of milk, five eggs, two teaspoonsful melted butter, one teaspoonful sugar, one dozen large ears corn—scrape the corn from the cob; beat the whites and yolks of eggs separately; stir the corn and yolks together, beat hard and add butter; add milk slowly when seasoning and cast the whites. Bake slowly first, covering the dish; remove the cover and brown the pudding.

—The Republican convention of Cowley county, Kansas, adopted this plank in their platform:

"Believing that women have equal rights with men, that their hearts are equally as loyal and true, that their intelligence and worth are equal with that of men, and their right to say what shall be done for the common good is as great as that of their brothers, we commend the action of the legislature in submitting the woman suffrage amendment to the people, and we assure our sisters that when the hour comes to act, the Republican men of Cowley county will, by their vote, welcome them joyfully into full and equal political rights with men in all political affairs."

—A Rev. Moore, in the state of Ind., who had gained for himself the ill will of several ladies in his congregation, preached a sermon which caused several lady members of his church to withdraw their membership. He said: "God made the earth in six days and then rested; then he made man and rested again; then he made woman, and," the pastor added, smiling as he said it, "since that time neither God nor man has had a rest."

A TRUE-HEARTED, KINDLY MAN.

The death of Dr. D. G. Foster on Saturday by his own hand brought a pang to many a heart in this community, for he was widely known and loved. Suffering, as he did at intervals, the agonies of pain which at last unbalanced his reason and drove him to his death; knowing, as one of the best physicians and surgeons in the profession, that there was no hope of escape from these recurring paroxysms save by the door through which he has now passed; yet so brave and cheerful was he that only a few of his most intimate friends knew of his frequent suffering. He died in the bloom of his prime, but he had lived long enough to leave a multitude of sorrowing friends, for a true hearted man, or a kinder, never lived. "If everyone for whom he did some loving service should bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep beneath a wilderness of flowers."—*Pittsburg Times.*

HATTIE N. HARDY.

Scrofula in its Worst Stages

CURED!

Boston Specialist Baffled but the King of Blood Purifiers Wins!!

Manchester, N. H.,
Dana Sarsaparilla Co.,

Gentlemen:—With a feeling of deep gratitude in our hearts, we wish to add our testimonial to the large list of cures your **GREAT MEDICINE** has performed.

Some four years ago, our little daughter Hattie, then 7 years of age, began to show

SYMPTOMS OF SCROFULA.

The disease rapidly increased. We consulted one of **the best Physicians in the City,** who began at once to treat her, but instead of abating the disease **rapidly advanced.** We became alarmed. Took her to Boston and placed her **under the care of a famous Specialist,** but in spite of his skill

LARGE SORES FORMED

on different parts of her body. The fingers of her right hand **swelled to twice** their **natural size, superation around the nails caused three of them to drop off.** We were in **despair.** Hearing DANA'S SARSAPARILLA recommended as a **Great Blood Purifier,** we, as a **last resort,** concluded to try it. At first it seemed to hurt her.

WE CAME NEAR GIVING IT UP.

We read the directions, reduced the dose to half a teaspoonful. When she had taken three bottles, we saw **improvement.** She has now taken eight bottles and is **perfectly well—cheeks rosy—spirits buoyant.** And the only thing left to remind us of her **terrible condition,** is the absence of the **three nails** whose **entire roots were destroyed.**

Gratefully yours,
MR. & MRS. JAS. A. HARDY.
Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

Court Proclamation—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. C. A. Faulkner and the Hon. Thomas F. Riley, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 31st day of July, 1893, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of Aug. the 28th day of Aug. 1893, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then or there to prosecute against them shall be just.

Give under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 31st day of July in the year of our Lord, 1893, and the one hundred and seventeenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WM. A. ISHLER,
Sheriff.

24 14 4t

We want a correspondent in this place. A bright, intelligent young man can make from $75 to $100 per month. Address, Golden Era, 72 West 50th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Estray Notice.—Came upon the premises of the subscriber in Taylor Township, Centre county, Pa., about August 1, a Jersey colored Bull. Refusing to leave the farm and showing a disposition to be cross, this bull was entered in township book August 5, 1893. There are no ear marks but there is a ring in the bull's nose and he appears to be about 18 months old. Owner is requested to prove property, pay damages and take the animal away, or it will be disposed of according to law.

D. H. DEAN
Port Matilda, Pa.

Vol 24 No 32 3t

Help Wanted.—$40 per month and expenses paid good men for taking orders. Steady work. Apply PROTECTIVE NURSERIES, Geneva, N. Y. 31-3t

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Orphan's Court Sale.—Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, Pennsylvania, will be sold at public sale at the Court House in Bellefonte on saturday, August 26, 1893, the following described real estate, late of Eliza J. McMullen, deceased, to wit:

The property is situated in Boggs Township Centre County, Pennsylvania, bounded on the North by land of John Powell, on the East by the public road leading from Milesburg to Marsh Creek, on the South by land of Scott Walters and Linn & McCoy, and on the West by land of Linn & McCoy, containing 30 acres more or less. The improvements are a two-story frame dwelling house, stable and other out buildings. The property is located about one and one half miles north of Milesburg.

Terms of sale:—One-half of the purchase money to be paid in cash upon confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year thereafter. The deferred payment to bear interest and to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

CLEMENT DALE, Administrator.

Harry L. Morris

Sour Stomach

"I was attacked with dyspepsia and sour stomach. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it helped me from the start, and has overcome my

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

trouble." Harry L. Morris, 100 Mulberry Street, Newark, N. J. Be sure to get **Hood's**

Hood's Pills cure indigestion and liver troubles, jaundice and sick headache. 25c.

ASK FOR AND TRY

Manners

DOUBLE EXTRACT

SARSAPARILLA

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.
CURES GRIP.
CURES CATARRH.
CURES DYSPEPSIA.
CURES INDIGESTION.
CURES RHEUMATISM.

Manners Sarsaparilla Co., Binghamton, N.Y.
Gents:—For the last 8 years I have been a Constant SUFFERER with DYSPEPSIA and by the use of two bottles of your SARSAPARILLA I am entirely cured. Yours truly,
MRS. HANNAH REED, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

50¢ PER BOTTLE.

THE WORLD OVER.

MFD. BY THE MANNERS SARSAPARILLA CO.
BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

ONLY.

Free from all care in his boyish play,
A face as the sunlight, cheering and gay;
The pride of a mother whose arms entwine—
Only a sip of his father's wine.

A growing knowledge with manhood's strength,
A mind far-reaching in wisdom's length;
A smile for the merry, for the grieving a tear—
Only a glass of the foaming beer.

Shining in circles of mirth and song,
A love of the right, and a hatred of wrong;
A friend to be sought for whose friendship is gain—
Only a toast in the bright champagne.

In the manly face a line of care,
Some silver threads in the dark-brown hair;
A cloud on the brow, in the eye, alas!
Only an occasional social glass.

A figure bent in the noon of life,
A weeping mother, a pleading wife;
A weakened brain, and a mind grown numb—
Only a drink of the fiery rum.

A squalid room in an attic high,
A pain-wrought moan, a pitiful cry;
A bundle of rags 'neath the rafter's gloom—
Only a dying drunkard's home.

A coffin of pine, unfinished and rude,
A widowed mother with starving brood;
A lonely ride o'er the rattling pave—
Only a pauper's nameless grave.
—Charles Eugene Banks, in Banner of Gold.

THE FETTERS OF DRINK.

A Duty That Devolves Upon Every Good Citizen.

Archdeacon Farrar, speaking recently in the Royal Victim hall, London, said:

"For every victim of the slave trade there were a thousand who were bound in the strong fetters of drink. Whenever any effort was made to redress a wrong, to remove a curse, or fight against an evil, the forces of the world, the flesh and the devil put on their utmost possible strength, and by lies and sophistry and bribery tried to check the efforts for good. And this being so, all those who desired the good of their country must, in this instance, rally their forces and amalgamate in every possible way to combat this unscrupulous antagonism. If any man desired to act as a good citizen, and was only convinced that there was in the midst of us a burning evil, it was his duty as a man and a Christian to fight to his utmost against this terrible evil. If there were any who had not seen the evil—if that were possible—there were only two ways to be convinced—one by the evidence of competent witnesses, and the second by the evidence of indisputable facts. In both of these branches they had proof which was utterly unlimited. It came from every age, and rank, and clime, and every century since time was, since man appeared on the surface of the earth. In our own country, looking at that alone, we had the evidence of all the judges, of all the philanthropists, of all the poets, of all serious writers, of all the clergy, and of all persons who had at heart the good of their country, from the highest rank to the lowest, down to the humblest honest policeman who walked the streets, or the humblest missionary who visited the homes of the poor. They had the evidence of the archbishop of Canterbury, who stated that until the work of temperance reform was done no other work of the church would be effectually carried on. They had the evidence of the greatest man in the world, Mr. Gladstone, whom in March, 1880, he heard utter these memorable words—words that sent a perceptible thrill through the house of commons: "The evils produced by drink are worse, because more continuous, than those produced by the great historic scourges of war, famine and pestilence combined." At a time when they had the claims of the unemployed constantly before them it was well to remember what the earl of Shaftesbury had said—and he recommended these words to all meetings of the unemployed: "It is absolutely impossible to do anything permanently or considerably to relieve the poverty until we get rid of the curse of drink. The one solution of the social problem lies in the hands of the working classes themselves. They may uplift themselves into plenty and happiness out of their present position if as a class they will get rid of what drags them down.' For any nation to neglect the warnings of such men was worse than ignorance—was worse than folly."—National Temperance Advocate.

THEORIES AND REMEDIES.

Education as a Means of Keeping Men From Drink.

He was a beardless youth, and he was not even working against intemperaace, but he stated its remedy authoritatively like most neophytes. "You must change the diet of the people," as if that would be easier than to change the drink habit. Others have their one remedy which they state with the same confidence. One says make wine and beer plenty and cheap so that they will take the place of brandy and whisky. Another says doctor the drunkards, while others prescribe education or religion, or amusements, or the ballot, or civilization. All these theorists proceed on the assumption that there is some one remedy which will certainly prove efficacious. They seem to forget that man is a complex creature, and that therefore the remedies for intemperance may need to be not one alone but many.

Suppose we examine some of these theories. It is urged by many that "education," using the term as popularly accepted, does not prove an effective remedy because educated men sometimes become sots; and because there are still many drunkards in nations having the best methods of popular education. But how is it with nations that have no education? They go down in the presence of abundant intoxicants like dry grass before prairie fires. We need only specify the North American Indians, the Sandwich Islanders, the Australians and the Africans. When his wiser neighbors or the missionaries try to reason with the savage he replies: "Me want gin! Me like it! Makes um feel good!" He knows little about the vital organs and the necessity of their normal action to his life and well-being; and still less of the injury done them by the coveted gin.

We need not only general education, but a physiological education. True, the doctors have that, and they sometimes become drunkards, but then they are educated to believe that there are many virtues in alcohol. Our school physiologies do not or ought not to teach this. They should teach that alcohol is a poison to the nerves that feel and to the brain that judges, and, therefore, that we can not judge correctly by our feelings about the effects of alcohol. We may know like the savage that it makes us "feel good," but our education should teach us that it hurts us every time we take it.

Here we bring in the religious or conscientious element. We will not purchase this good feeling at the expense of such grave injury. We will be brave to bear pain, we will be jealous of any injury from intoxicants to the high gifts with which we are endowed, this brain and these nerves with which we are able to learn about God, and through the right use of which we serve Him.

Here then is work for the teacher, the minister, the physician and the parent. The children must be taught and trained so that they will never come under the fascination of intoxicants. This will soon break the link of heredity, save the individual and provide workers. This is putting education with religion, and we must see that social and other helps are added.

Science and Christianity working thus together on this soil of freedom, have generated the modern temperance movement which we hope will bring its delightful fruits to perfection here as well as in other lands. We conclude, then, that we need not only one remedy alone, but many, and the joining of wise hearts and earnest hands in their administration.—National Temperance Advocate.

AN APPALLING RECORD.

The Awful Prevalence of the Drink Habit in Large Cities.

There is, at first, something very appalling in the record of the drink consumed in large cities. For instance, the statement was lately put forward at the London Mansion House that the city of London drank every year 45,000,000 gallons of malt liquor, 8,000,000 gallons of wine and 4,500,000 gallons of spirits. The announcement startled the public until an optimist mathematician brought a little arithmetic to bear on the figures and forthwith altered their significance. He found that London has a population of close upon 6,000,000. About 2,000,000 of these are children, who, for the purpose of argument, may be classed as taking no alcohol at all. Also, for the purpose of argument it may be assumed that of the remaining 4,000,000 2,000,000 are total abstainers, leaving the drinkers of the city numbered at 2,000,000. This would give an average annual consumption per head of twenty-two and a half gallons of malt liquor, four gallons of wine and two and a quarter gallons of spirits. Twenty-two and a half gallons a year is almost exactly half a pint a day; four gallons a year would be a very small wineglass daily; two and one-quarter gallons a year would barely suffice to fill the smallest liquor glass 365 times. So that the inquiring statistician reached the conclusion that the terrible drink bill of London resolved itself into the fact that the average Londoner takes one glass of beer with his dinner, and a very small glass of wine after it, and that before he goes to bed he takes the meerest toothful of whisky, or some other spirit, as a nightcap.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

GREAT BRITAIN'S drink bill is attracting world-wide attention.

IT is said that forty-five thousand scholars from the Sunday-schools of the old country drift into intemperance every year.

LAST year, New York city paid four million dollars for schooling, seven million dollars for amusements, and sixty million dollars for drink.

GOUT is largely caused by the introduction of stout as a beverage. It is also stated that from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of the cases are hereditary.

FOUR hundred thousand men are reported as under the influence of the railway mission, where they are being taught the principles of total abstinence.

ALCOHOLIC insanity is twice as common in France now as fifteen years ago, and the number of persons placed under restraint on account of it has increased twenty-five per cent. in the last three years.

THE Grand Army Mission is doing an excellent work, under the pension bureau, in shielding old soldiers from the saloon sharks of the vicinity, when receiving their pension checks and the money therefor.

THE ruler of Benares in India is conducting a great temperance work among his people. He is an enthusiast in philanthropic work. His temperance addresses to the thousands of pilgrims who flock to the holy city are very remarkable in effect.

IN the catalogue of harmful habits there is nothing more merciless in its grip as the drink habit, and therein is the terrible wrong of enticing young men to adopt it by the deceptive sophistry of "moderation." Is this statement extravagant? We answer: Think of those eighty thousand youths annually sent to drunkards' graves, most of them led thereto by deceptive representations, and then, if your conscience will allow you to condemn us, we will listen to your argument.

A PLACARD has been ordered by the Belgium government to be hung in every school-room. It reads as follows: "Of one hundred and twenty-five thousand deaths, as many as twenty-five thousand, or one-fifth, are the result of alcoholism. In a period, during which the population has increased by fourteen per cent., the consumption of alcohol has been augmented by thirty-seven per cent., cases of madness by forty-five per cent., crimes by seventy-four per cent., suicides by eighty per cent., and vagrants and beggars by one hundred and fifty-six per cent.

DEATH OF REV. J. W. ELY.

The Rev. John W. Ely, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Warriorsmark, whose serious illness has been mentioned in these columns, passed peacefully away to his eternal rest at 5 o'clock last Wednesday evening. On last Sunday he was in an unusual bright frame of mind, seeming to be much improved, but on the afternoon of that day he was stricken with paralysis, the final result of which was his release from earthly pains at the hour above stated.

The subject of this note was born in Elysburg, Pa., and was aged 49 years, 6 months and 20 days at the time of his decease. He became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church at the age of 12 years and entered its ministry as a member of the Central Pennsylvania conference in 1867. His appointments were as follows: 1867, Washingtonville. 1868, Shirleysburg; 1869-70, Manor Hill; 1871-72 Milroy; 1873-74, Rainsburg; 1875 supernumerary; 1867-77 Freedom; 1878-79, superannuated; 1880-81 Blaine; 1882, supernumerary; 1883-84 Thompsontown; 1885 87, supernumerary; 1888-89, Woodbury; 1890-93, Warriorsmark. His temporary retirement from the active pastorate at times was due to illness, but he loved his work and always returned to it as soon as his health allowed, and he was permitted to die at his post, his work having been attended to during his last illness by his brother-in-law, Rev. W. W. Dunmire, of Altoona.

Mr. Ely is survived by his wife, who was Miss Lucy D. Dunmire previous to his marriage, but he leaves no children. He was a faithful minister, well thought of by all who knew him and enjoyed the confidence of his people and of his ministerial brethren. He was a prominent Mason and also a member of Lodge 140, I O. O. F., of Bloomsburg, Columbia county. Funeral at Warriorsmark Saturday at 10 a. m. Interment in Warriorsmark cemetery.

CHARLESTON! Yes, Charleston is the place where the Star-Spangled Banner had the honor of being fired upon by some chivalrous Southern some thirty odd years ago. Yes! actually the National Government forgot itself so far as to make it necessary for the South Carolina gentlemen to soil their hands with gun-powder in firing at the flag of the Union. And now these same gentleman magnanimously are willing to forgive the Union Veterans, who saved the Nation, kindly and generously express even a readiness to pay those Veterans of the Federal Armies, who occasioned the Southern gentlemen the trouble of "maiming" them—of course, provided that the South shall only pay a "fair share," Now, is that not kind and condescending? Three cheers for Cleveland, Conciliation, Charleston and Conspiracy!

Miss Georgia Hopley is now proprietor of the Columbus (O.) *School Journal*.

CYCLING IN PARIS.

Becoming a Fashionable Pastime for the Early Morning Hours.

The bicycle is winning distinction, writes a Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune. Since Lord Dufferin began to take his morning constitutional rides on a low bicycle in the Bois the steel horse has become fashionable, but only between eight and eleven in the forenoon. Clemenceau, who, if a tribune of the people, likes to pass for being "chic," has dismounted from his park hack to cycle in the morning. Zola takes lessons and hopes soon to be a good rider. Aristocratic youths who are growing up under the care of reverend fathers at Juilly, Vaugirard and the Rue de Madrid spend their Thursday holidays at "veloce schools" and in making excursions under the eyes of "veloce trainers." The trainer now directs his efforts greatly to the teaching of an easy upright carriage on the cycle. It is not easy to acquire such a seat, though the thing is possible. The proper carriage is called "un siege de gentleman." It would seem as if the bicycle vocabulary could not get on without borrowing from the English. Judging from the coinages which are so fast enriching it, it seems to me that the rule that is growing up is for one-half of every composite word to be English. Examples of this are "veloce port," "veloce man," "veloce suit," "lightning veloce" and "veloce rider." The word "veloce" did not exist six years ago. It is a contraction of "velocepede," the old-fashioned name for the bicycle.

Zola only took to cycling after he had seen some "veloce trainers" for fair "artistes" look as well on their steel steeds as cavalry officers on their horses. The cycle has not yet been brought into the novel of any first-rate author. But, being now in general use, for at any rate the stronger sex, we may expect soon to find it invested with a literary interest.

Ladies First.

Little Tommy and his younger sister were going to bed without a light, says an exchange. They had just reached the bottom of the stairs when Tommy, after vainly endeavoring to pierce the darkness, turned round and asked: "Ma, is it polite for a gentleman to precede a lady when they have to walk in single file?" "No, my son," replied his mother, "the lady should always take the lead." "I thought so," said Tommy, delightedly; "go ahead, Sue.'

Civilized Indians.

A family of four Indians in Oldtown, Me., is said to have laid aside one thousand dollars last year, after paying all their household expenses, from the profits of basket making. An inquisitive visitor likewise reports that this family has in its home a $400 piano, Brussels carpeting, lace curtains, plush furniture, pictures, a set of Cooper's novels and an owl and a peacock, the last two both stuffed.

FLORIDA GIRLS.

Not long ago two Florida girls concluded to take a day's hunt in the Great Aurantula hammock, the upper edge of which touches the river. Starting out early, they made good progress, and by 9 o'clock were in the midst of the wild hammock. During the forenoon they had luck—killing a deer, a wildcat, 10 big gray squirrels and several enormous snakes. After taking a noonday lunch they decided to cross over Alligator creek, a wide but shallow stream that crosses the hammock, emptying into the Withlacochee. Just before reaching the creek they had to pass through a dense canebrake for several rods. When about half way through, one of their dogs that had lingered behind came rushing up, yelping lustily, while close on its heels was a big black bear, fierce and ugly as it could be. The path was so narrow that they had no chance to fight the animal, and in fact the dog and bear came in on them so suddenly that little time was allowed for reflection.

Miss Josie slung her rifle around and fired at the beast, but in the confusion only wounded him. The girls then ran ahead, intending to get out on to the open bank by the water's edge, so as to get a fair ground to battle old bruin. But the infuriated animal, aroused to madness by the rifle ball, pursued them so closely that only scientific dodging saved them from a close hug. Emerging from the path, they noticed the boat used to cross the creek lying right in front of them, and both of the girls, struck with the same idea, sprang into it, their impetus carrying it out into the creek.

The dog was unable to get into the boat, but he bit at bruin's heels so sharply that the latter had to stop his pursuit of the girls and endeavor to punish his four footed assailant. But the dog was too wary and kept out of his reach. The girls called him, and plunging in he swam out to them. Meanwhile the hungry denizens of the creek, whose numbers gave it its name, were awakened by the tumult, and they began to show themselves. As the dog jumped in, the splash attracted scores of the ugly reptiles from all directions, and the water was dotted by the black snouts of the hungry gators.

The girls noticed this and called encouragingly to their dog, who seemed to be fully aware of his danger. Several black noses were already pointed in his direction, and it looked as if the 'gators might get a meal. But Wilda seized the pole lying at the bottom of the canoe, and by a skillful push sent the boat close to the dog. Josie was waiting, and as the dog swam up she helped him to clamber over the side, almost upsetting the frail vessel. And it was just in time, too, for just as the dog's legs slipped out of the water a huge pair of jaws rose out of the depths with an ominous snap. With a souse the disappointed saurian sank.

While this was going on bruin stood on the bank, growling and snarling in impotent rage at the dog and girls thus escaping. Seeing the dog in the canoe seemed to render him still more furious, and with a deep growl he dashed into the water and began swimming toward the boat. Between the bear and the gators and the girls began to think their hands would be full. Wilda picked up her gun and made a snap shot at the animal, but a movement of the dog disconcerted her aim, and the load of buckshot flew to one side, only a small number striking the bear. But they angered him the more, and with a snarl he almost leaped out of the water in his mad eagerness to reach the boat.

Wilda dropped the gun, and picking up the pole soon placed the boat a rod ahead of the pursuing animal. Josie had again reloaded her gun, and she turned to deliver his quietus to the animal. But the commotion in the water and the bear's evident disquietude put a new face on matters, and she withheld her fire.

The dog's yelping and the bear's growling had evidently awakened the scaly denizens of the creek to a realizing sense that it was mealtime. Missing the dog, they were not averse to bear meat. Bruin, in his hurry to catch his first prey, had paid little attention to what might befall him in the creek. But now he began to notice the increasing number of black spots in the water all turning toward him, and probably instinct told him that hungry gators in their own element were a foe not to be despised.

With an uneasy whine, he attempted to turn and regain the shore, but now it was too late. With a rush, a big black form was seen to dart up against him, and in a second he was seized and dragged under. The old fellow was game, however, and now that he had got into the fight he proved no mean antagonist. With an immense effort he plunged away from the attacking gator and dashed forward for the shore. The water shoaled, and it seemed as if he would escape. A big bull dashed forward and seized the bear by one of his hind legs, while two others swam before him to cut off his retreat.

With a deep roar of rage, the bear turned on the one that seized him, and with one stroke of his paw clawed out the gator's eye. The latter bellowed with pain, and thrashing the water madly plunged forward at bruin. Other gators joined in, and the poor animal was beset on all sides. Sitting on its haunches, with the blood flowing from a gaping wound in its hind leg, the bear snapped, clawed and bit at his savage antagonists, but they were too many for him.

Another seized one of its legs in its powerful jaws, and with a strong effort drew the bear off into deeper water. Others dashed at him from all sides, snapping at him from every point. The water splashed high and was churned into snowy whiteness by the furious efforts of the fighters, save where the red blood told the tale. But a few moments longer did the unequal struggle last. Bruin strove to regain his feet but the cruel jaws of the reptiles closed on his legs, sides and wherever a hold could be secured, and with one mighty, agonizing roar the bear disappeared, while the furious struggle continued under water for several seconds.

The girls had gazed on the fight spellbound, but now they were rudely aroused to their own peril. The dog had barked loudly during the savage fight going on so near, and the gators who missed bear meat seemed to be after dog's flesh. The canoe rocked, almost overturning, and the startled girl saw a monstrous pair of open jaws right at the side of their small craft. Josie pushed her rifle barrel in the gator's mouth and pulled the trigger, sending a bullet where it evidently did't agree judging from the reptile's sudden sinking and thrashing about.

A moment later a huge tail came flying on the bow of the boat, and striking the dog, who stood there barking, knocked him into the water. A big pair of wide open jaws was just about to close on the tempting morsel when Wilda stooped down, and catching the dog's forepaws by a sudden effort drew him into the boat, the saurian's jaws closing with a snap that indicated a great disappointment. The dog coueredidown in the bottom of the boat, while the girls attended to the other gators, who seemed to manifest an inclination to get into the canoe. Several shots were fired at the reptiles, but their taste of blood had made them fearless.

A scream from Josie aroused Wilda, who was striving to pole the boat ashore. Turning around she saw her sister half drawn out of the canoe, a big monster 'gator having seized her dress. Josie was beating the 'gator over the nose with her rifle with one hand, while with the other she endeavored to hold herself in the boat. Without a moment's hesitation Wilda raised the long pole she was using, and poising it a moment threw it at the gators head. By rare good fortune it struck him in the eye and penetrated to the brain. With a loud bellow the reptile sank.

For the next few minutes the brave girls had all they could do—one firing at the saurians as they approached too closely, while the other, using the breech of her gun as a paddle, urged the canoe to shore. As it touched the sand both leaped out and ran up the bank. None too soon either, for a big, pursuing gator, in its desperation at losing its prey, threw itself forward, crushing in the sides of the boat. The girls concluded that they had enough hunting for that day and returned home by another route.—Million.

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NEXT TO POSTOFFICE,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

STOLE WATCHES.

A Darkey Blunders a package, Which Gets Him in Trouble.

The Lock Haven *Democrat* says: On June 16, W. W. Appleton, jeweler, Lancaster, sent a package through the Adams express company to W. R. Wagner, care Irvin House, that city. It remained at the Irvin House a week when it was recalled by the Lancaster jeweler. When the package was received by the agent of the Adams express company in that city to send back, it was noticed that there was a difference in color in the wax used in sealing the paper, but no attention was paid to it at the time. When the Lancaster jeweler opened the package after its return it was discovered that two ladies' gold watches, valued at fifty dollars, were missing. Manager Waite, of the Adams express company, of that city was notified and he placed the matter in the hands of County Detective Keller. Getting a clue Chief Keller finally came to the conclusion that William Molson, a colored servant at the Irvin House, was the guilty man. Wednesday afternoon Molson was arrested by the chief and Officer Brendell on a warrant issued by Alderman Noble, charging him with breaking open the package and stealing the watches. Molson at first denied the charge, but when confronted with certain indisputable facts he confessed the crime and gave the name of a young woman who has now one of the watches in her possession. Molson was taken before Alderman Noble, and was committed for a further hearing Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Chief Keller went to Lewisburg Thursday to look up the woman. Molson says she has one of the watches.

—Rev. Charles Garner, who was a resident of Bellefonte for many years but is now pastor of A. M. E. Church at Tyrone, is winning some fame for the zeal with which he pushes on the Lord's work in that place. We find the following item in relation to him in the Tyrone *Herald*:

"Rev. Charles Garner, pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal congregation of Tyrone, is giving a wholesome example of christian energy, zeal and pluck. His little band of church members secured a lot on Fourteenth street near Logan avenue some time ago, upon which to erect their house of worship. Rev. Mr. Garner with a creditable vim has done all the foundation excavating himself and is now engaged in building the foundation wall which he has about one-third completed. He is a good workman, too, at whatever he undertakes."

The many truthful testimonials in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla prove that Hood's CURES, even when all others fail Try it now.

"Tired of the old soldier."—1893.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

TWO CONFEDERATE SCOUTS.

A Story of Bravery That Was Related by Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Gen. Lee was never a great talker except under one condition, and that was when he had young ladies to entertain, for then his natural gallantry got the better of him and he was a charming companion, though not what might be called loquacious, and he did not care to talk of the war, preferring to choose other topics. It was in camp, however, that he so far yielded to the desires of a couple of fair visitors as to spin a yarn. He had invited two young ladies, cousins of his, to dine with him, and it was to them and at their persuasion that he told the story of the "Two Confederate Scouts."

Carefully arranging his napkin on the table in front of him and sitting perfectly erect in his chair, as was his custom, Gen. Lee said: "When this war is over you will hear a great deal of praise given to the leaders of the armies, and in the attempt to do them honor the private soldier will to a certain extent be overlooked. This is unfortunate, since some of the noblest and most daring deeds of the war were done by privates on both sides.

"I was once in absolute need of positive information as to the movements of the enemy. My regular scouts were

THEY SHOT DOWN THE TWO FRONT MEN.

out, so I had to select from a regiment of men who were familiar with the section of the country, if not with their mission. Two able-bodied and intelligent men were sent me to whom I intrusted the dangerous task of crossing the river and going into the neighboring village to ascertain from stragglers the coveted information. They made the trip successfully and returned the next noon, not only with the facts, but with the traps and effects of four union soldiers, which they obtained in a manner creditable to the coolest and bravest men of either army.

"After ferreting out the secrets of the enemy, they started on the return trip, but were detained by a terrific rainstorm of several hours' duration, which forced them to shelter until night. When they reached the river they found, to their chagrin, that it was too much swollen to be crossed in a canoe, and the only thing left was to make a bed of the pine tags on the ground and sleep until morning, when they would proceed unmolested. But they had reckoned without their host. The enemy's pickets, who had also been driven to shelter by the rain, were out early next morning investigating, and, seeing fresh tracks, suspected something wrong. Five of them started on the trail, plain in the soft earth, and soon came upon the sleeping scouts. Feeling confident of having their prisoners secure, they thought to have some innocent fun with them, and proceeded to jab them in the back with the points of their bayonets and request them to come in out of the rain.

"'Hello, Johnny, what are you doing sleeping out here in the wet like this? You will take cold. Come on with us out of the damp.'

"But the sleeping confederates could not be aroused, and the sentinels had a big laugh over it, particularly so when one of them would turn partially over and groan out: 'Oh, stop that! What are you poking me for? It isn't time for reveille yet,' as if he thought he was in his own camp safe and sound. Just in the midst of the greatest outbreak the scouts, with the agility of wild animals, sprang from their couches and with their pistols shot down the two front men, and then as quickly dropped the other two as the fifth man hastily retreated, leaving his gun behind him.

"When the scouts heard the federal squad advancing on them, they were too close to admit of retreat, so they resorted to strategy and feigned sleep, arranging between them that at a given signal both should rise and fire on different men, taking them so by surprise that the others could be shot also before they could get their guns up. The trick worked perfectly, and to it those men not only owe their necks, but the valuable information for headquarters and four good Snider rifles and warm overcoats.

"I do not believe that any deed of the war surpassed this in coolness and bravery."—Memphis Commercial.

AN INHERENT VICE.

How Soldiers Managed to Gamble During the War.

"I believe that gambling is one of the inherent vices of mankind," said a Grand Army of the Republic veteran, talking over the incidents of war times. "Not only that, but every man who takes a deep interest in games of chance is by nature superstitious. This was illustrated during the war. Ask any old soldier and he will tell you that every battle during the war was presaged by a path strewn with playing cards. Just before and just after a battle you would never find a card in camp. The reason of this was that men who carried cards at the first approach of a scrimmage threw them away. No matter how inveterate the gambler, he dreaded the thought of dying with cards upon his person. This led to all kinds of makeshifts for gambling purposes when the army was away from any depot of supplies. Among the novel devices was the use of the army grayback. Men would gather around the campfire at night, get a board, make a charcoal circle upon it, heat it warm, and then all who were in the game would catch one of the gray monsters and drop him in the circle on the warm board. The one that crossed the circle first was the winner. I remember one poor fellow who had lost all his personal belongings, including his rations, for the next day. He looked on during the excitement of the race with the anxious longing of the inveterate gamester. Suddenly he seemed to get a new idea and he watched the contest with increased interest. Two days he kept away from the race-track and the boys wondered what had become of him. The third night he was on deck and eager for the sport. When the time for scoring came he reached down in his pocket, drew forth his wallet and took therefrom a lean and hungry army louse. When the famine-stricken insect touched the warm board he fairly flew across the surface and went under the wire without whip or steel, winning by several open lengths. Two or three more mile dashes resulted in the same way, until there was a general kick. The boys said it wasn't fair to ring in a trained grayback. It was pitting a professional against amateurs and they wouldn't stand it. It broke up the racing for that night, but resulted in a bold defi on the part of the owner of the winning crawler to do up the whole camp the following evening. And he did it. He won everything movable in the camp. It afterward developed that he had discovered that the lean graybacks made the best time. He caught a few choice specimens and starved them into lightning speed by closing them up in his pocketbook."—St. Louis Republic.

HE WENT FOR JIM.

A Soldier Comrade Who Was True to His Trust.

"One of the most heroic acts of bravery which I ever knew or heard of during the late war occurred at Gettysburg on the morning of July 3, 1863. A private named George Boles, of company A, Twenty-seventh Indiana regiment, was the hero. Our brigade had been ordered to advance upon the rebels on Wolf Run. Our lines were ordered out of our works and we advanced on the enemy in three columns deep, which had been sent to turn our right.

"The distance to be traveled from our works to the rebels was about two hundred yards across a level sward, and beyond this and in the edge of the timber the enemy was stationed. The order came: 'Forward battalion by regiments!' The order was received with that death-like stillness which precedes a hot fight. But a moment elapsed before it was apparent we were in a trap. We must either charge bayonets or retreat, so the order came to charge bayonets. This was done at once. The distance was so short that but little momentum had been obtained when our lines were met by their columns, the first column lying down, the second kneeling and the third standing. Our column was met by this deadly fire, and a general engagement ensued, but with such odds against us that we were ordered to fall back. The colors of the Twenty-seventh Indiana were shot down and picked up seven times. In this charge our regiment had eighteen men killed and forty-three wounded.

"After our regiment had regained its works, a voice was heard calling: 'Colonel, come and help me off the field.' A moment only was required to find out who was missing. Capt. Wilkinson said he was sure it was James Denit calling for help. Then it was George Boles said: 'Captain, I'll find out.'

"Creeping up to the top of the works, or as near to the top as he was safe, Boles called out: 'Is that you, Jim?' At once the answer came: 'Yes, come

"I'M GOING FOR JIM."

George, for God's sake and help me; I am dying.' To go to his rescue was to court death.

"At last Boles said: 'Men, I can't stand it to hear poor Jim calling for help. I'm going to get him.' No man could hope to live in the face of such a fire, and the captain and men begged Boles not to go, but all to no purpose. He threw off his knapsack, haversack, canteen and cartridge-box. Turning to the men he said: 'Tell Nancy I am going for Jim.' Putting his hands on the top log of the works he leaped to the other side, and with a few bounds he reached Denit, and stooping raised him in his arms. But at that moment poor Boles fell dead, pierced through the head by a bullet. They were found as they fell, and together they were buried, and this was the message sent home: 'Tell Nancy I am going for Jim.'" —Toledo Blade.

A Veteran of Many Wars.

Every now and then we hear something about old veterans. The latest is about Thomas Allen, who lives in Tyler county, W. Va., who is claimed to be one hundred and three years old. He served under the duke of Wellington in the war against France, and was at the battle of Waterloo. He was in the Mexican war under Gen. Scott, and served a short time in the union army during the late war, being compelled to retire on account of his infirmities.

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NATURALLY, every patriotic American wants to go to the Columbian Exposition, and will go, if possible; and, just as naturally, the impossibility of going makes the desire all the stronger to see the beauties and wonders there displayed. Whether one goes or not, a souvenir of the grandest Exposition of all time is a desirable thing to have; and no more complete or beautiful one can be had than the September number of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE,—the Exposition number,—which contains over 400 illustrations, showing as much as one could see in a week's visit, and accompanied by vivid descriptions of all points and objects of interest. In fact, 'tis a collection of photographic souvenirs that would cost a lot of money, and yet you may possess it for only twenty cents. Through it you may also become familiar with the city of Chicago as well, for the history of that city is graphically told in "From Fire to Fair," which is also profusely illustrated.

Then there is a paper on the "Parliament of Religions" to be held in Chicago during September, which is embelished with portraits of many of the most noted leaders in different religions, and also pictures of curious temples. "Familiar Talks on the different Schools of Art" treats of modern French painters, and the illustrations include reproductions of some of the paintings that are exhibited at Chicago; "Society Fads" tells of all the latest fancies in fashionable society; the fiction includes a story of the Chicago fire; and all the departments for which the Magazine is famous are especially replete. And all this is given for only twenty cents, the usual price of an ordinary paper. The subscription price is $2 per year. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th St., New York.

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An International Exposition will be held at San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A. from January 1st to June 30th 1894. The site of this exposition is located in Golden Gate Park and will cover an area of about 100 acres. There will be five principal buildings for the Midwinter; viz: *a*) Manufacturers' and Liberal Arts; *b*) Agricultural and Horticultural Hall; *c*) Mechanical Arts *d*) Fine Arts and Decorative Art; *f*) Administration building. Applications are being received daily for separate and special Constructions such as; State Exhibits; restaurants, reproductions, sideshows etc. M. H. de Young, Vice President of the National Commission, World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, will act as Director General and President of the Executive Committee of the Winter Fair; the other Members of the Administration and Officers are: Irwin C. Stump, Vice President; P. N. Lillienthal, Treasurer; Col. A. Andrews; R. B. Mitchell; Hon. Eugene J. Gregory, Sacramento; Jacob H Neff, Colfax; Fulton G. Berry, Fresno; J S Slauson, Los, Angeles directors; Alexander Badlam, Secretary; R Cornely, Assistant Director General. Information for intending exhibitors, maps of the grounds, buildings etc., may be obtained by applying to the Department of Publicity and Promotion, California Midwinter International Exposition, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. U. S. A.

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Some Pangs of Knowledge.

BY JOHNSON BURT.

Shotway passed in New York for a very smart lawyer, which was an enviable reputation to have, no matter how opinions might differ about the right and wrong of legal smartness. When he won a doubtful case the principals on the other side told one another that he was a great rascal, yet just the man they must retain the next time they had a doubtful case of their own. Besides, he had the faculty of keeping his clients, which some lawyers have not; aside from business, he was a companionable fellow, with a lot of available knowledge about almost everything; and such fellows are too scarce, even in a big city, to be let pass by men who want clever society after business hours and are able to pay for the luxury. He was a bachelor, so his time out of court and office was not monopolized by a family. He was thirty-five years of age, and as young-looking as any reasonable maiden could ask.

It must be admitted that Shotway had no family of his own to help him make his way. He did not hesitate to say that he was born in England of poor parents, and that his father was a mechanic—and a good one. Such education as he had to start with he had "picked up" in the United States; then his record, from the time he had entered a law office as clerk, was known to many members of his profession, who held him in high esteem as a self made man who had made himself too well to put on airs. A full half of his acquaintances could find mechanics in their own families only a generation or two back, and they weren't ashamed of them, either.

But why didn't the fellow marry? This was the question which scores of women, young and old, put to one another. It really was a shame that a fellow who could make himself so agreeable, and who had tastes more general and cultivated than most men, should not do his duty toward society by taking a wife, making a home and adding one to the small number of people who were really competent to entertain delightfully.

Among women who had decided opinions on this subject was Miss Edith Worling, a clever and well-to-do maiden of nearly thirty summers. That she had not already married was the fault of the dozen or more men who had proposed to her; she knew what manner of man she wanted as husband, and had been willing to wait until she found him. Shotway entirely met her requirements, but the fellow did not propose, although she had given him several opportunities, and without being at all unmaidenly, either; some women have tact enough to do that sort of thing without being suspected. She had met Shotway in society and at the seaside and in picture galleries and even in the course of some philanthropic work in which she was interested, and had found his tastes, principles and knowledge very like her own, which was the highest praise she could give any one.

One of the tasks to which she bravely addressed herself was visiting the sick women in a portion of the city where most people lived from hand to mouth, and where occasional misfortune caused much suffering which she could in some measure relieve. One day she had the honor of saving the newly-made widow of a house-painter from an exaciting landlord, and of saying some encouraging words to the poor woman, who was quite ill in one of the better class tenement-houses. Walls and doors in such buildings are not very thick; through them Miss Worling had sometimes unwillingly heard conversations not intended for her ear, and while she talked with the sick woman she was startled by a familiar voice saying:

"You might do it for my sake, when it is really for your own gain in every way."

"Say no more about it, I command you," came the reply, in a heavy voice, with a broad accent. "I'm too old to change, and it's not to my taste, either. More than that, I never was above my business, and I never will be."

"I'm not asking you to be above your business, but to be higher in it," explained the first voice, which Miss Worling recognized as Shotway's. "Between laying brick for the wall of a house and taking entire charge of the building of a house there isn't much difference, when you look at the matter fairly. The business would be the same; you would simply be at the top instead of at the bottom, and you know you always did have a pride in being as good a man as could be found at your trade."

"Ah!" snarled the other voice, "you may be a smart lawyer, but you can't talk me around. When the layin' of brick's done for the day my work's done, an' I can take my glass an' my pipe an' have nothin' to worry me till the next day's work begins. Do you suppose I don't know how it is with the bosses? They're always lookin' as if somebody was huntin' 'em—the other bosses they're owin' I suppose—for stuff that's been bought on credit an' can't be paid for till some job's done an' the money got for it. There's others of 'em that look as if they thought all their men were stealin' stuff, or knockin' off an' talkin' the minute there was nobody watchin' 'em. D'ye suppose I'm goin' to put myself in some such fool's place just because my only son who's got too much knewledge for his good, an' got above the bringin' up of his family for a hundred years back, wants me to act as if I was bigger than I am, an' smarter, too? Not a bit of it; I'm no such fool."

"You know perfectly well, father," replied Shotway, "that I don't want to add a single trouble to those you had. You were a good father to me, and I want to be a good son to you. You shan't have any troble about money matters, if you will do as I ask, and use your brains as well as your hands. I'll supply all the necessary capital, and hire a first-class foreman who shall do all worrying and hard work. All you need to do is to appear as the head of the business, and act the man that I know you are, and let me show you to all the friends I have in business, and give me a chance to be proud of you in public as well as in private. It certainly can't be wrong for a son to wish that his father may be respected by men who amount to something."

"One word for me an' two for yourself, my boy. I don't doubt you wish me well, and want to do what, accordin' to your own lights, would be the best for me, but you're thinkin' of somethin' for yourself all the time, an' it ain't much trouble for me to see what it is. I ain't no fool; I read ev'rythin' the newspapers say about you, an' I'm pleased with a good deal of it. You've done lots of things for me since you come to be fore-handed, an' I've took the will for the deed; but I ain't blind. I've seen what you was up to. You wasn't satisfied to stick to what your fam'ly had always been the best of their kind at, an' you ran into another business, an' you think you know a lot more than your father, an' now you want the old man to shape his course by you. Well, he ain't a-goin' to do it, I'm glad enough that you get twenty or thirty times as much money a year as your father, an' I don't quarrel with your tastes, a man bein' his own master after he's twenty one, 'an nobody havin' a right to prevent him. But, boy, mark what I say; I come twenty-one forty year ago, an' I'm not goin' to forget it for any young upstart who thinks he's somebody because he knows some things that his father didn't, not to say anythin' about the things not bein' worth knowin', except so far as they bring in money, which, anyway, ain't good for anythin' except to spend."

"What did you mean by saying 'one word for me and two for yourself'?" asked the son. "You don't imagine that I want to make any money out of you in the new position I've suggested, do you?"

"No, son; there's nothin' mean an' underhand in you, unless you put it into yourself; there never was anythin' of the kind in my family or your mother's, God bless her. But there's somethin' up; trust a father for readin' his own son—ah! stop frownin'; your lawyer look can't throw me off the scent. There's a woman on your mind—ah! frowning won't help you; turn around in front of the looking glass an' see the red that's come in your face in a minute. You needn't be ashamed of it, neither; it does you credit, an' shows that you've kept your heart clean, which I wish your dead-and-gone mother could look into your face this minute and see. Well, marry her, if she'll have you. Your father wishes you well, an' gives you his blessin'. What else do you want him to do?"

"I want my wife, if I ever get one," said Shot, "to respect my father as I do; and you ought to know very well by this time that in this grand country no one is respected at all unless he is all that he might be. You've got no vices; you've a clear head and an honest heart, and it's a shame for you not to take advantage of circumstances and appear to the best advantage as what you are."

A hard laugh was for a moment the only answer to this speech; then the older man said:

"Ah! boy, the trouble with you is that you've got too much knowledge. Because you know some things your father don't, an' isn't sure he'd care to know 'em if he could, you expect me to follow the course that you're workin' on. Well, I won't do it; now you've got it fair and square. Now go off to the kind that you've took to, thinkin' it better than that you was brought up among. There's been lots of learnin' come into the world, an' gone out of it, an' them that had it is nowhere now; but bricklayin' has to go on in the same old way, an' the man that knows how to do it has his work to show for him long after he's dead an' gone. You're my son, an' I love you honest an' full, as I always did an' always am goin' to; but the trouble with you is that you've got too much knowledge—you've got so much that it's givin' you a pain, an' you're tryin' to pass the pain along to your dad. He won't have none of it—do you mind what I say? An' what sort of fool girl have you set your heart on?—oh, I know what's troubling you."

"My mother's son wouldn't interest himself in a fool girl," answered Shotway. "The woman I would like to marry, if my father would show himself to be the man he really is, and let me exact proper respect for him from people I know, is one of Heaven's choicest creations; and though rich and handsome and brilliant, she spends much time and money in comforting the poor. She's an angel on earth."

"Just what I've heard young fellows say ever since I was a young fellow myself," growled the father. "I told you that you had too much knowledge, an' now I know it when you tell about what heaven's done. Get out! Wait a minute though; what's her name?"

Miss Worling abruptly concluded her visitation; she already had heard too much of Mr. Shotway's affairs. As she opened the door she found herself face to face with Shotway, although the lawyer's face was not as she had usually seen it. Shotway comprehended the situation in an instant, and said, as he raised his hat and followed Miss Worling nown the narrow stairs:

"You've discovered my discomforting secret."

"Not through any fault of my own," the girl replied, quickly. "Because, 'tis yours, not mine, so you can't imagine I shall betray it."

"Thank you. My father is—"

"Well?"

"He is far better than he seems, I beg you to believe,"

"He seems a man of very strong character. His remarks, which I unwillingly overheard, enabled me understand why his son—"

"Well?"

"Oh, please don't fish for a compliment. You know very well what every one thinks of you."

"Every one?—including you?—in spite of what you have heard?"

"Yes. But I didn't hear all; he asked you the name of the woman, and I wish I might have heard it, so I might have been the first to congratulate her."

"What a pretty speech!"

"Thank you. 'Tis as honest as pretty."

"Allow me to test that statement. The woman is walking down stairs beside me. Now what do you say?"

Miss Worling dropped her head and said, almost in a whisper:

"Just what I've already said. I shall congratulate her with all my heart, as soon as I can be alone, in my own room."

And the wedding cards were out within a month.—Once A Week.

GOLD HAS COME.

The inward flow of gold from Europe has temporarily checked the tightness in the money market, thus showing conclusively that an inflow of gold is more beneficial to the United States than an outflow. We can secure an inflow of gold only by selling our American grown or American-manufactured products to foreign countries in excess of the value of the foreign grown or manufactured goods that we buy from them. When our exports of goods are exceeded by our imports then the flow of gold tends outward instead of inward, consequently against the credit and best interests of this country.

If the policy of Free-Trade, advocated so plainly in the platform of the Democratic party in 1892, be put into execution throughout the United States, then at once our imports of foreign goods will begin to exceed the value of our exports of domestic goods, and we shall, every year, be compelled to ship abroad more gold than we are entitled to receive as the value of our own products that may be sold to foreigners. Thus will continue each year the conditions that have recently been experienced—conditions that will be inevitable, and which could only be obviated by a famine in the food-producing countries of all other sections of the globe, accompanied at the same time by abnormal crop growths and harvests in this country. If we had the supplying of the world in our hands and at our own prices, then our exports in such a contingency might possibly exceed the value of our imports under Free-Trade but only in such a case could this be possible, and it is a condition contingent upon such impossibilities as are not to be thought of or taken into consideration by the framers of our national policy.

While drawing attention to the effect of the inflow of gold upon our financial condition, and what the effect of an outflow must be in the future, under Free-Trade, it is only fair to again point out and draw special attention to the fact that the gold now being shipped to the United States is sent in return for recent large shipments of American food products and crops grown by our American farmers, and here again we desire to emphasize the point already made by the REPUBLICAN that it is our farm products that gave relief to our financiers. The importance of farming should be recognized.

Although the democratic threat of free trade has already brought calamity upon the nation the worst is not here yet if that party persists in its announced policy. As the tariff is disturbed it will force further liquidation, and as money is withdrawn from manufacturing, business enterprises will eventually become a perfect drug. Idle money means low rates of interest, say two per cent, The result of this will be that bank stock and other gilt edge paper that is four or five per cent. will make quite a considerable advance. In the event of this coming to pass, real estate may also advance some, but the products of the farm—a result of labor—will continue to fall further in price. The result of such conditions would be to make the rich still richer. How about the poor man? He will be forced to do the best he can. No demand for idle hands means work at low wages. Then bread riots will take the place of strikes and vagrancy and crime will stalk the land. It is self-evident the wholesale closing of shops will fill the glut in the labor market, and the poor will get still poorer. History proves that the tendency of democratic rule is in that direction, and the first shock—the present panic—is the preparation for the change to free trade about to follow. The rich and poor classes of England is their model, as well as the low wages and low prices of the products of labor which prevail there. And this is the change that was voted for last fall.

KANSAS EVENTS.

Mrs. Bina A. Ottis, President of the Kansas Woman's Progressive Political League, is elected a delegate to the People's Party Shawnee County Convention. Thus a woman is one of the two delegates to which Mrs. Ottis's voting precinct is entitled, and thus are women entering upon political power. Certain of our papers are urging other counties not to permit Shawnee to outstrip them in the race to do justice to women in the matter of representation. Mrs. Ottis is to help make nominations, and we congratulate her and the men who elected her; yet the women of the tribe of Tuscarora Indians in New York, make all the nominations to their legislation. Nineteenth century men might take a lesson from Tuscarora Indians.

Chief Justice Horton and Associate Justice Johnston, of Kansas, have each contributed $25 to the Woman's Suffrage amendent fund. Kansas has the inestimable boon of a level-headed, liberal, progressive judiciary.

One of the latest and most valuable accessions to the ranks of suffrage workers in Kansas is Miss Helen L. Kimber, a slight, fair, bright-eyed "school-marm," of the most alert, "up-and-dressed sort." Super-abundant in nervous energy and bright ideas, she is doing fruittul work. She will have the long-desired contest work organized before others have got done glaring at the obstacles. She is Organizer for the Third District.—Womans Column.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, wholesale druggists, Toledo O
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

President Cleveland, in granting a pardon to Peter J. Claasen, the bank wrecker who got away with over $600,000 of other people's money, gave the following reasons for so doing:

"Granted—The reports I have received concerning the physical condition of this convict, in my opinion fully justify his pardon. Besides, the fact that those engaged with him in the transaction resulting in his incarceration have been released lends the assurance that justice will not be violated by the pardon of the remaining participant, whose guilt was certainly not greater than that of his associates. I confess that, in addition to other considerations, I cannot miss the fact that the granting of a pardon in this case will bring comfort to a wife and daughter whose love and devotion have never flagged, whose affection for a husband and father remains unshaken."

If this is to be the platform for "turning the rascals" out of jail, what an opening of prison doors Mr. Cleveland will have. How few prisoners there are now in jail who could not truly say that the enforced confinement has disagreed with their health; that others, guilty of the same crime, escaped the punishment due to them; that their families will be glad to have them back. Yet Mr. Cleveland would have us believe that these three reasons are sufficient for setting aside the sentence which the law has meted out to these criminals.

Mr. Claasen was rich, and has influence, and if Mr. Cleveland had stated that fact as his reason for pardoning him, he would undoubtedly have approximated more closely to the truth.

A NARROW ESCAPE!

How it Happened.

The following remarkable event in a lady's life will interest the reader: "For a long time I had a terrible pain at my heart, which fluttered almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I would be compelled to sit up in bed and belch gas from my stomach until I thought every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to draw a full breath. I couldn't sweep a room without sitting down and resting; but, thank God, by the help of New Heart Cure all that is past and I feel like another woman. Before using the New Heart Cure I had taken different so-called remedies and been treated by doctors without any benefit until I was both discouraged and disgusted. My husband bought me a bottle of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and am happy to say I never regretted it, as I now have a splendid appetite and sleep well. I weighed 125 pounds when I began taking the remedy, and now I weigh 130½. Its effect in my case has been truly marvelous. It far surpasses any other medicine I have ever taken or any benefit I ever received from physicians."—Mrs. Harry Starr, Pottsville, Pa., October 12, 1892.

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists, or by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles $5, express prepaid. This great discovery by an eminent specialist in heart disease, contains neither opiates nor dangerous drugs.

It Will Build You Up

Are you all run down? *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda will build you up and put flesh on you and give you a good appetite.

Scott's Emulsion **cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula and all Anaemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine.** Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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SAPOLIO

The children's health must not be neglected. Cold in the head causes cataarh. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. The worst cases yielding to it. Price 50c.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from her nose. Two physicians prescribed, but without benefit. We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and much to our surprise, there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm and in a short time the discharge was cured.—O A Cary, Corning, N. Y.

The best and only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It cures. Take no other. 50 cents.

It Never fails to Cure—MANNERS DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

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LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

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An Immediate postal card request, saying the writer is thinking of pursuing a commercial or shorthand course of study, will secure new illustrated circulars (23-94) of the Rochester Business University.
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24-4t Rochester, N. Y.

Clothes REPAIRED, CLEANSED AND PRESSED.—I have concluded to take up my old trade and am now prepared to do Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing of Clothes at my residence, No. 231 East Lamb street. I solicit a share of patronage and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work gathered and delivered promptly and charges as low as can possibly be made. A postal card dropped in the mail will receive attention at once.
23 48 1f WILLIAM McCLELLAN.

Road Grading Machinery

The Champion Road Grader has fulfilled all the claims made for its superior capacity. The Supervisors of Union Township purchased one during the spring of 1892, with which they have made the most improved public roads in Centre county. Prior to this year the Supervisors were required to assess six mills road taxes—this year, 1893, they assessed four mills, next year, 1894, they propose to assess three mills road taxes and improve their roads more than they did with six mills road taxes before they purchased their Champion Road Grader from Messrs. McCalmont & Co. Formerly the tax payers had to do the work with shovels and picks, now the horses do the most of the work.

Champion Rock Crusher.

The Champion Rock Crusher has no equal or competitor, when we compare the quantity of stone crushed in one day, seventy to eighty tons, with the power required to operate it—for the proof of which, we refer those interested or who may want to buy a stone crusher to improve their public roads, to the supervisors and tax payers of Walker twp. Centre Co., Pa., as well as to S. D. Tice, a contractor of Howard, and Wallace White, a contractor of Spring township, Centre Co., Pa., who crushes stone for for macadamizing streets and turnpikes.

Champion Road Roller

After your roads and streets are macadamized, the Champion Road Roller, operated by horses, can be used to great advantage in rolling down the loose stone to make the road smooth. Those in want of Road Machinery will promote their own interest by inspecting the above machinery before purchasing.

Further information, as to prices and merit, will be furnished on application.

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WHITES - - - -

Canada Thistle - - Exterminator.

FACTORY AT BELLEFONTE, PA., IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE BELLEFONTE CAR WORKS.

This is a discovery that is destined to prove a blessing to every farmer and land owner.

Whites Canada Thistle Exterminator is a preparation discovered and put on the market by Samuel White, of Bellefonte, Pa. A tablespoonful of this preparation placed on a thistle will kill every stalk so treated in five days from the top of the ground to the extreme length of the root. This has been proven by actual experiment. If applied according to directions furnished with every lot sold it is guaranteed to do the work. A number of Centre county land owners have given the Exterminator a thorough trial, among whom are Brockerhoff Bros. and W. Fred Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds has instructed his farmers to get as much as is needed to exterminate this pest from all of his farms.

PRICE PER BUSHEL, $2.50, OR $5 FOR BAG OF TWO BUSHELS.

Factory at Bellefonte Car Works. Orders addressed to Samuel White, Bellefonte, will receive prompt attention. Terms CASH on receipt of goods. Isaac Haupt authorized agent.

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24-25-3m

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Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellef , Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

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FOR RENT.—A five room house on West High Street. Cheap rent. Possession given immediately. Also a 6 room house one of 4 rooms and 2 and 3 rooms. Inquire of
ISAAC HAUPT, agent.
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FOR SALE—Commentary of the Holy Bible. Five large sheep bound Volumes. Entirely new and unabridged. Cost $17.50; will sell for $10 cash. Inquire at this office.
24-25-1f

CLOTHES REPAIRED AND CLEANED.

I have opened a shop at corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, in old law office next door to residence of John P. Linn, where I am prepared to do repairing and cleaning of clothes. Orders by mail promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial.
CHARLES McCLELLAN.
16-1f.

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Seven Courses in Art, Philosophy and Science Civil, Mining, Electrical Engineering and Chemistry.

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WORLD'S FAIR DIRECTORY CO.,
No. 113 Girard & Frankford Avenues,
24-27-6m Philadelphia, Pa.

Bellefonte Republican,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—Edward Cowdrick left for Pittsburg last Monday evening.

—Col. Hilton will commence a series of temperance leclures in Bellefonte about September 19th.

—Ed Rankin, telegraph operator at the Bellefonte station, returned home last Wednesday from a trip to Atlantic city.

—A band of gypsies which had been in camp up at Roopsburg, near Bellefonte, for several days left last Saturday for Lock Haven.

—Mrs. Thomas Cutler and son, of Tyrone, arrived on Saturday and are the guests of Mr. J. C. Boal's family.—*Centre Hall Reporter.*

—Mrs. C. U. Hoffer and children, from Philipsburg, are visiting her parents, C T Gerberick and wife, at their home on Thomas street.

—Charles Wilson, train dispatcher at Altoona, has been in Bellefonte this week on a visit to his sister, Mrs. W. S. Tripple, on Spring street.

—Fine book and job printing of every description is done at the REPUBLICAN office, Bellefonte, Pa. Reasonable prices and satisfaction guaranteed.

—Gregg Post, No. 95, G. A. R., have changed their regular meeting night from Monday to Saturday evenings. They now meet on the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month.

—Senator P. Gray Meek is having a new roof put on his residence on High St. It is to be Queen Anne style. It will be a great improvement to the appearance of the property.

—Chaney Hicklen, a clerk in the First National bank, went to the Reformed picnic at Centre Hall and got left by the train on which he was to come home. The result was that he had to hire a conveyance.

—At nuptial mass celebrated by Rev. D. J. Gallagher yesterday morning at St. Matthew's chapel, John F. Malone, of Pittsburg, and Miss Annie Sullivan, of Tyrone, were united in marriage.—*Tyrone Herald.*

—Rev. William Laurie, pastor of the Presbyterian church, who has been taking his vacation at Atlantic City for the past three weeks, has returned home and will be in his old place next Sunday at every service.

—Last Monday afternoon at four o'clock a little child of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Folk died. The little one was five months old and had been in feeble health almost from its birth. The funeral was Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

—Misses Alice and Maud Givin, from Philadelphia, are visiting at the home of H. C. Weaver, on Howard street. Mrs. Givin, mother of the young ladies, was a daughter of Geo. B. Weaver, who died several years ago.

—Next Saturday, August 26, the Christian Endeavor society of the Christian church will hold an Ice cream festival. Cake, coffee and other refreshments will be served as well as Ice cream. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend and help the cause along.

—On last Friday, William Albright, of Yeagertown, caught a German carp in the canal in the narrows, which measured 33 inches in length, 18 inches in circumference and weighed 16½ pounds. It was the largest fish ever caught in any of our streams.—*Lewistown Free Press.*

—The Prohibitionists of Blair county met at Altoona last Thursday and placed the following ticket in nomination: Commissioners, I. S. Garner, Williamsburg, and S. B. Beyer, Tyrone; director of the poor, Jonathan Derno, Hollidaysburg; auditor, J. M. Wilson, Altoona.

—Last Sunday evening Rev. W. A. Houck, of the M. E. church of Bellefonte, preached on the financial condition of the country. It is critical ground for a preacher to walk on but the Rev. gentleman handled the subject with such skill as to give offense to none. He made "Uncle Sam" out to be quite sick.

—It is said that the borough council had street sign boards made about three years ago to be placed on the corners of all streets but they have not been used. It would, we think, be quite an improvement to have them placed in position. We have all the other conveniences of a large city, why not have the sign boards?

—Isaac Thomas, fell and broke his knee cap about one month ago since which time he has been confined to his bed at his palatial home on Thomas street. He is enduring the pain and suffering attendant upon such an injury with nervy resignation. It will be a long time probably before his friends will see him upon the streets again.

—Last Tuesday those living near the new house which John C. Miller is building on East Linn street, heard a crash like the breaking and falling of boards. On inquiay it was found that John Lambert, one of the workmen, had broken through a scaffold about seventeen feet high and fallen to the ground. He was taken to his home. No bones were broken.

HARTER FOR SHERIFF.

REPUBLICANS MEET IN CONVENTION TUESDAY.

And Put Up a Strong Ticket—Proceedings in Detail—Resolutions Adopted, Etc., Etc.

Tuesday was Republican day in Bellefonte and, although there was not quite so large an attendance as there was on the occasion of the democratic convention, enthusiasm and party zeal were far greater. Only three out of a possible 121 delegates failed to report, and those that came did so for the purpose of nominating a winning ticket and the convention and list of nominees justify the prediction that in no way whatever did they fail of their purpose. The day's doings follows:

The convention was called to order at 11.15 by county chairman, W. F. Reeder, and the call was read by Secretary H. C. Quigley. On roll call 118 delegates answered to their names.

Col. Austin Curtin was then elected permanent chairman. On taking his chair Col. Curtin made a brief and telling address.

For secretaries Mr. J. P. Barton of Union twp., and S. S. Crissman, of Philipsburg, was elected. For tellers T. L. Crust and J. L. Holmes. Reading clerk, H. C. Quigley, of Bellefonte.

The following were appointed a committee on resolutions: Col. J. P. Coburn, J. R. Hughes, S. S. Crissman, G. W. Fisher and J. L. Kessinger. On motion of J. C. Henderson the order of business was then adopted.

The convention then proceeded to put in nomination the candidates for Sheriff, as follows: David Reed, of Ferguson; Robt. Cooke, Jr., of Howard; John W. Stewart, of College twp.; John F. Harter, of Millheim; H. H. Montgomery, of Bellefonte; Harry Simler, of Philipsburg. On first ballot the vote stood as follows:

Cooke	44
Montgomery	27
Simler	19
Harter	12
Stewart	10
Reed	5

There being no nomination on the first ballot the convention proceeded with the second which stood as follows:

Cooke	44
Montgomery	27
Simler	20
Harter	13
Stewart	9
Reed	5

There being no nomination on the 2nd ballot Reed, having the lowest number of votes, was dropped from the list and the convention proceeded with the third ballot, which resulted as follows:

Cooke	44
Montgomery	27
Simler	19
Harter	14
Stewart	14

There being no election the roll was called for the 4th ballot, the result of which follows:

Cooke	39
Montgomery	27
Simler	20
Harter	18
Stewart	14

There being no election and Stewart having the lowest vote was dropped and the 5th ballot was proceeded with resulting as follows:

Cooke	42
Harter	43
Montgomery	26
Simler	6

There still being no election Simler was dropped and the convention proceeded with the 6th ballot, which resulted as follows:

Harter	47
Cooke	43
Montgomery	28

There being no election on this ballot the name of Captain Montgomery was dropped and the convention proceeded with the 7th and last ballot which resulted as follows:

Harter	63
Cooke	51

Dr. John F. Harter, having a majority of the votes cast, was declared the nominee amid the wildest cheers. The nomination was then made unanimous.

On motion the convention adjourned 30 minutes for dinner, reassembling at 1.15 o'clock. Nominations for treasurer being next in order the following gentlemen were put in nomination: S. H. Deihl, of Bellefonte; Jacob D. Wagner, of Ferguson; R. T. Comley, of Union twp. No other nominations being made the convention proceeded to ballot for county treasurer, the first vote resulting as follows:

Comley	38
Deihl	35
Wagner	29

There being no election on the first ballot the second was taken with the following result:

Comley	44
Deihl	36
Wagner	32

Mr. Wagner being at the tail end of the list was dropped and the 3rd and final ballot was taken with the result as follows:

Comley	59
Deihl	57

Mr. Comley having secured a majority of the vote cast was declared the nominee of the convention. His nomination was made unanimous.

The next in order was the nominations for commissioners, as follows:

M. F. Riddle, of Spring twp; Andrew Lytle, of College; Henry Stevens, of Halfmoon: Jas. B. Strohm, of Bellefonte. The first ballot for commissioners as follows:

Riddle	79
Strohm	83
Stevens	40
Lytle	30

Riddle and Strohm having a majority of the votes cast were declared the nominees and their nomination made unanimous.

For register B. F. Edmunds, of Aaronsburg; J. S. Bathurst, of Howard, and J. E. Richard, of Rush township, were put in nomination. On first ballot the vote stood as follows:

Richard	55
Bathurst	35
Edmunds	23

No nomination on first ballot the 2nd was taken with the following result:

Richard	59
Bathurst	30
Edmunds	5

Mr. Richards having a majority of the votes cast was declared the nominee.

For Recorder J. L. Holmes, of College township, was nominated by acclammation.

Dr. E. S. Dorworth, of Bellefonte, and John D. Wagner, of Gregg township, were nominated for auditors.

Dr. Thos Tobin, of Stormstown, was nominated for coroner.

Wm. H. Snyder, of Liberty township, was nominated county surveyor.

For delegates to the State Convention Geo. W. Hoover, of Philipsburg, and H. C. Campbell, of Ferguson township were elected.

For chairman of the county committee for the succeeding year the names of W. F. Reeder and W. E. Gray were put in nomination.

Mr. Reeder having a large majority was declared elected.

The committee on resolutions read their report which was adopted as follows:

The Republican Party of Centre County in convention assembled hereby resolves.

First—That we renew our allegiance to the cardinal principles, the traditions and the policy of the Republican party, under which our country in the past has made such rapid strides and has so signally prospered in its foreign and domestic relations, as well as in every avenue of legitimate enterprise.

Second—That we re-affirm our adherence to the doctrine of the American protective system, and we call upon Congress now in session to refrain from attempting to repeal, revise, modify or in any wise alter our present tariff laws, as by such attempt we believe the present financial depression will be prolonged, and much suffering will be entailed upon those willing to be employed.

Third—That while general depression prevails in all business and financial circles and there is lack of confidence, so that financial ruin stares many in the face, we call on all the people irrespective of party affiliations to view the present stagnation of trade as a common foe, against which all should unite and all should aid in restoring confidence and prosperity. By such united action and effort we believe the hum of industry would soon again fill our land, and peace and plenty prevail.

Fourth—That we pledge our hearty and united support to the ticket this day nominated and will use all honorable means to secure the election of the entire ticket.

Following is the list of delegates who were present and sat in the convention:

Bellefonte, N. W.—C. L. Gates, Oscar Yeager, W. H. Derstine, John C. Miller, Charles Eckenroth, Wm. T. Fitzgerald.

Bellefonte, S. W.—J. A. Aiken, Jackson Showers, J. I. McClure, J. R. Hughes.

Bellefonte, W. W.—S. H. Williams, Robert Cole, W. T. Hillibish.

Centre Hall—W. O. Rearick.

Howard—Hayes Schenck, Wm. Confer.

Milesburg,—W. R. Campbell, James McCullough, James Heverly.

Millheim,—J. H. Woomer.

Philipsburg, 1st W—J. H. Hatch, Victor Gray, S. S. Crissman.

Philipsburg, 2nd W—Jno. A. Wolfe, A. L. Bolger, G. E. Lamb, C. M. Lewis.

Philipsburg, 3rd W—James P. Hale, B. J. Laporte, George W. Hoover.

Unionville,—J. F. Barton, Benj. Rich. Benner.—G. W. Marshall, B. W. Way, T. L. Crust.

Boggs, E. P.—Austin Curtin, John Cressinger.

Boggs, W. P.—James M. Miller, Perry Aikens, Geo. Derr, W. H. Shultz.

Boggs, N. P.—William Yarnell, Jacob Yarnell.

College, E. P.—J. C. Bathgate, Frank Wasson, James Eberhart, Edward Sellers.

College, W. P.—Hiram Thompson, J. L. Holmes.

Curtin,—Robert J. Mann.

Curtin, W. P.—H. C. Campbell, S. P. Irvin, John B. Goheen.

Gregg, W. P.—W. L. Baker.

Gregg, E. P.—J. D. Wagner.

Haines, E. P.—J. L. Kreamer.

Haines, W. P.—D. K. Musser, James P Coburn.

Halfmoon,—G. W. Fisher, Blair Waite, Ira Burkett.

Harris,—James T. Stewart, W. B. Hoover.

Howard,—J. T. Haines, Charles Keaner Justice Turner.

Huston,—W. S. Williams, J. C. Henderson, John Bodle.

Liberty,—John C. Kunes, Charles Bowes, C. Singer.

Marion,—D. A. Irvin.

Miles,—Samuel L. Strokeckner, J. W. Bright, J. W. Hazel.

Patton,—J. G. Mattern, W. E. Tate, E. G. Matts.

Penn,—J. W. Hosterman.

Potter, N. P.—Andrew Gregg, Jr.

Potter, S. P.—J. W. Smith, W. H. Stiner.

Rush, N. P.—Philip Iddings, J. E. Richards, Port Bilger.

Rush, S. P.—F. B. Vroman.

Snow Shoe, E. P.—T. B. Buddinger, Andrew Chambers, Alfred Lucas, J. S. Smith.

Snow Shoe, W. P.—Wm. Skunkwiler, Jno. Gunsallus.

Spring, N. P.—J. W. Toner, John Raymond, Elmer Straub.

Spring, W. P.—J. H. Ofiger, Thomas Rhoads, George Robb.

Spring, S. P.—Samuel Boop, H. Kline, F. C. McKinley.

Taylor,—M. C. Walk, John Weaver.

Union,—E. P. Barton, B. W. Shipley, Wm. Hosband.

Worth,—H. C. McClintic, L. E. Swartz T. E. Kessinger.

Worth,—Wm. Woodring, Dr. S. U. Harshberger, Levi Jones.

FOSTER-SNYDER.

Robert Foster, of State College, was married to Miss May E. Snyder, of Eagleville, in the Presbyterian church at Beech Creek last Thursday evening. Many friends from Bellefonte and State College were present. The Lock Haven *Democrat* gives the following account of the interesting occasion:

The solemnization of the nuptials of Robert M. Foster and Miss Mary Ella Snyder, of Blanchard, in the Presbyterian church at Beech Creek, Thursday evening, was witnessed by a large number of invited guests. At 6:30 o'clock the bridal party arrived at the church from the bride's home. The groom with his best man, John Halfpenny, of Philadelphia, entered the church and proceeded down to the altar in the right aisle. At the same time the ushers took up the march in the other aisle, followed by the bridesmaids, Miss Mary Foster, of State College, the Misses Murray, of Beech Creek, and Miss Gertrude Quigley, of Blanchard. Then came the maid of honor, Miss Maud Snyder, a cousin of the bride. Following the maid of honor was the bride leaning on the arm of her father. When the party arrived at the chancel rail, the ushers stepped to the right and the bridesmaids to the left. The groom received the bride from her father, and Rev. Pomeroy, of Mill Hall, uttered the words that made the couple one, the ring ceremony being used. The church was beautifully decorated with golden rod. After the ceremony a reception was held on the lawn and refreshments were served in the house by Caterer Achenbach and assistants, of Bellefonte. The reception was attended by about 150 guests. The bride was the recipient of many magnificent presents, which consisted of silver and chinaware and linens. Her bridal dress was a white Byons satin en train, trimmed with orange blossoms, and a white veil.

Each of the bridesmaids and maid of honor were dressed in white silk and carried boquets of pink roses.

The ushers were Messrs. Harry B. Snyder, of New York; Charles H. Foster and Walter G. Butts, of Bellefonte, and John E. and George B. Snyder, brothers of the bride.

Those present from a distance were Judge Whitmer, wife and daughter, Bella, of Sunbury; Mr. and Mrs. James Halfpenny and Katie Halfpenny, of Lewisburg; William Foster and John Halfpenny, of Philadelphia; the Misses Harris, Miss Thomas and Henry Quigley, of Bellefonte; Miss Lizzie Stewart, Arthur McKee, George McKee, Charles Foster, Miss Foster and Mrs. Foster, of State College; Messrs. Pretzman and Dunham, of Altoona; Dr. H. E. Brady and wife; Mrs. E. K. Parsons and the Misses Ida and Lottie Snyder, of this city; Dr. F. Brady, wife and daughter, and Misses Katie and Annie Sanderson, of Mill Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster came to this city after the reception and took the 11:25 train for the seashore and eastern cities. The groom is the junior member of the firm of Smith, Foster & Co., of Philadelphia, and the bride is a popular and well known young lady in that section of the county.

—There is little doubt but that each individual in this great republic has an interest, or that his interests will be affected by the settlement of the silver question one way or the other, and every sovereign elector who will be called upon in the near future to vote, either directly or indirectly, upon this question should seek to learn how he should cast his vote and influence to best serve his and his country's best interests. To attain this end we should reason together in a decent and proper manner, bearing in mind that calling Gov. Waite, of Colorado, and other Populists lunatics, or the gold men of the last thieves and conspirators, is not argument. Every man has a right to an opinion and the fearless and honest expression of it.

—Last Thursday there was a bread riot in New York. Two thousand starving unemployed men asking for work that they might earn money to buy bread for their starving families. The Republicans held control of this government from 1860 to March, 1893, and in all that time there was prosperity and no mobs of hungry men called for work or blood for 32 years, when the Republicans held control either entirely or in part so they had the power to prevent treacherous legislation there was such prosperity as the world never saw equaled. Less than six months with the democrats in full control and we have bread riots in New York and more to come.

—Philipsburg had two distinguished visitors on Thursday, viz: Professor J F Rothrock, of West Chester, a member of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, and botanist of the State Forestry Commission, and Professor W F Buckhout, a botanist of the faculty of the State College. Professer Rothrock was here for the purpose of gathering information concerning the forests of Rush township, and Professor Buckhout came with him. They were the guests of their friend, Dr. S F Lytle, who introduced them to a number of Philipsburg gentlemen.—*Ledger.*

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Miss Berenice Moore, is visiting Miss Bertha Lightner, of Tyrone.

Rev. James A. Brown, and wife of Rebersburg, are seriously ill with typhoid fever brought on by the use of bad cistern water.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morgan, of Howard street, are enjoying a visit from their grand daughters from St. Marys, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Erhard.

Dr. A W Hafer and his daughter, Laura, started for the World's Fair last Monday evening. The doctor's business here will be attended to by a competent person.

George Dare, who was a residence of Bellefonte years ago and is a native of the town, has returned to his old home where he will spend several months. He can be found at Zeller's drug store on Allegheny street.

M. I. Stover and family, of Altoona, have returned to their old home, Lemont, where they will stay several weeks. Mr. Stover reports that the democratic times have struck Altoona hard, consequently it is very dull there.

Edward Greenslade, Jacob and Henry Lyon, of Bellefonte, started for the World's Fair last Saturday. Moyer Lyon was to have gone at the same time but his business would not admit of his leaving at this time. He will probably go, however, later in the season.

A. O. Goheen left on his bicycle for a week's pleasure jaunt through Centre county. He will visit Spring Mills, Bellefonte and other points. Arthur is an enthusiastic and accomplished wheelman and will doubtless make good time on the trip.—Tyrone *Herald.*

—The laboring people of Bellefonte express to us great anxiety as to what they will do the coming fall and winter with all our works shut down. Friends, we are sorry for you, we did all we could in our humble way to prevent this sad change, but many said, and we guess they believed it, that a change could not make things any worse. We warned them that it would and now these same parties admit that they were badly "off," and that the change is worse than anything they ever dreamed of. We plead, we wrote, we voted, for better things but we were in the minority. The great majority wanted a change and they have got it. We are sorry for them

—Last Sunday morning as George Tate, who is in the employ of the Bellefonte Fuel & Supply company, was going to the stable to attend to the horses he noticed smoke in or near a building belonging to Jenkins & Lingle. He was gone but a short time and when he came from the stable he noticed the smoke was coming out of the building. He called Mr. Rhinesmith, who was in the stable working on the horses, and they forced the door and found the place was on fire. They got water and put out all the blaze without giving an alarm. It was without doubt set on fire.

—The Eureka man is selling groceries cheap for cash if you think there is any doubt about it just call and see him at the store on High street next door to the Post Office. And more than this if you buy a dollar's worth of goods for cash they will give you a five cent coupon which when you get twenty they will give you a silver dollar or they will accept them in lieu of cash for goods so you make at least five per cent by buying your groceries at the Eureka.

—Next Wednesday evening, Aug. 30, at 7:30 o'clock, Samuel Hazel and Miss Jennie Ott, of Axe Mann, will be married at the home of the bride. Mr. Hazel is a printer and holds the important position of foreman of the *Watchman* office in Bellefonte, Miss Ott is a lady of refinement and culture. The celebration of this important event in the lives of these young people will be celebrated in the best style.

—The Bellefonte public schools will commence the fall term on Monday, September 4, and will continue for ten months with one or two short vacations. The buildings have been put in good order, cleaned, repaired, etc. Books, stationery and everything for the use of the pupils will be furnished free. It can now be said that in this state, at least, education is absolutely free.

—On the day of the picnic of the veteran club of Centre county, September 2, at Hunters Park, a special train will be run from Stormstown to the park leaving Stormstown at 8.15 a. m. and return at five o'clock p. m. on regular train with a special to take them from Waddles to Stormstown, a round trip ticket will cost 40 cents.

BASE BALL BRIEFS.

The River League Still Booming—Bellefonte Out Next Week.

Poor Tyrone! Poorer Bloomsburg!! It has been a life and death struggle between the two as to which would hold the tail-end the longest. Tyrone was successful for a long time but it has finally been ousted by the "Bloomers." Bellefonte still continues to hold first place and, since our last issue, has clinched her hold with two additional winnings.

Last Friday Tyrone played here. The game was stubbornly contested by the visitors but it required very little energy on the part of the Governors to lay them out. Score 8 to 3 in favor of Bellefonte. With that game Tyrone lost every game on its trip. Saturday Bellefonte went to Tyrone and played an exhibition game and won by a score of 15 to 5.

This week Renovo is making the rounds. Tuesday she played in Tyrone and was defeated by the score 11 to 5. Wednesday they came to Bellefonte. Came here with the intention of winning the game at all hazards. The game opened with Robert McKnight as umpire. Renovo kicked, kicked like steers at everything. Quit playing three times in the first two innings. The spectators were becoming disgusted. The Governors were getting their blood up. No runs had yet been scored. Finally to satisfy the visitors the umpire was changed. McKnight retired, James Hughes took his place. Jim umpired a fair game but the visitors had gotten so used to kicking they kept it up. The Governors had intended making them believe they could play ball but after so much of the baby act, they changed their minds. The home team buckled on their playing armor and went to work. They took everything they wanted and they seemed to want a whole lot. In five innings they pounded the ball for 15 safe runs, while the visitors were allowed to get 2. This ended the run getting and the game closed with that score, 15 to 2 in favor of Bellefonte. Renovo might have put up a good game if they had played ball and not kicked so much, but that kind of work so badly rattled them that their infield went all to pieces. Bellefonte always puts up a good game. Every man on the team is a player first class and they all work with the intention of winning. Result, they always win.

On Tuesday Bloomsburg played her postponed game with the Demorest and was defeated by a score of 6 to 5. And the ball keeps rolling on.

River League standing to date:

	WON	LOST	P.C
Bellefonte	13	3	.813
Demorests	8	6	.572
Renovo	7	6	.539
Tyrone	5	10	.333
Bloomsburg	2	6	.250

NOTES.

Tyrone is strengthening up.

Harrisburg wants to play with Bellefonte.

Cape May would now like to play us an exhibition game.

Bellefonte goes out on its last trip next week, playing Tuesday at Bloomsburg, Wednesday at Williamsport, Thursday at Renovo, Friday at Tyrone, and will play an exhibition game with some good team at Hunters' Park Saturday, the occasion of the Soldier's reunion. Four straight games we need, and expect to get them all.

The September HARPER'S will contain an account of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's experience during a political campaign in England as the companion of a Conservative Candidate for Parliament. The lively narrative will be embellished with ten illustrations by W. Hatherell.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 62
Mixed wheat per bushel	60
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	50
Corn (ears)	45
Oats	35
Barley	48
Cloverseed, fair to good	8 40
do prime and extra prime	9.00
do choice	9.60
Flour, retail, per barrel	5.00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10 00
" prime timothy " "	11.00
" choice " " "	12.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	80
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	10
New Raisins, per pound	10 — 15
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	25
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	15
Hams, sugar cured	18
Shoulders	17
Breakfast Bacon	17
Country Bacon	16
Lard, leaf, per pound	16
Lard, country, per pound	12
Eggs, per dozen	15
Potatoes, per bushel	85
Dried Beef	25
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	10
Canned Tomatoes, per can	12—15
Canned Corn, per can	12½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	50
Roller Flour, per sack	1 25